no 87

No 3 No

NEW SONGS OF

3 PRAISE 3 and POWER

Edited by

J. LINCOLN HALL - C. AUSTIN MILES

Dr. ADAM GEIBEL and B. D. ACKLEY

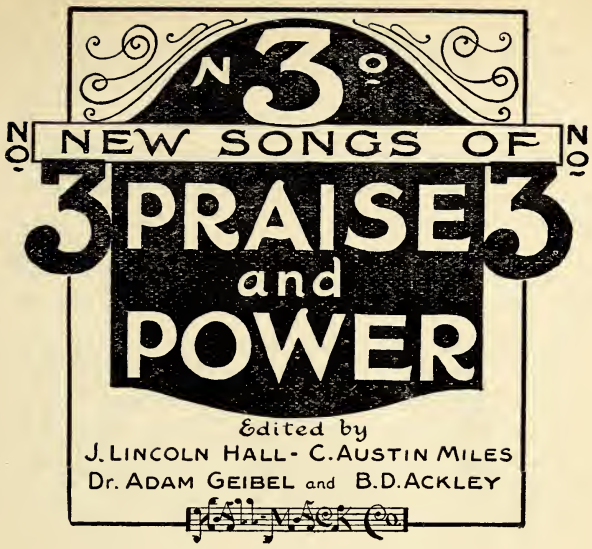
HALL-MACK CO.

PUBLISHERS

21st and ARCH sts.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

No 87



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21st and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

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New Songs of Praise and Power, No. 3.

We Gather in Thy Name.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.) B. D. ACKLEY.

1. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, To cast on Thee our care,
2. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, For new sup - plies and grace,
3. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, To ask that Thou wilt give,
4. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, Now fill our hearts with love,

And spend in sweet com - mun - ion An - oth - er hour in prayer.
And faith in ev - 'ry tri - al Thy guard - ian hand to trace.
The need - ed strength to help us Each mo - ment that we live.
And grant to each a fore - taste Of heav'n and home a - bove.

CHORUS.

We gath - er in Thy name, Thy prom - ise, Lord, we claim;
in Thy name, now, O Lord, we claim;

O touch our hearts and let our love Be kin - dled to a flame.

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No. 3. Satisfied.

MATTIE B. SHANNON. ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO. *Ad lib.*

1. When the cross that God my Fa - ther gives So ver - y heav - y seems, And when I see the blighting Find the ash - es of my dreams; When the heart that beats with-
2. When the treas-ures I have striv - en for Are slip - ping fast a - way; When e - vil tempts me sore-ly And so anx-ious is my day; When the fier - y darts that
3. When the cares and tri - als of this life Are press-ing more and more; When death's dark an - gel soft - ly Spreads his wings above my door; When the paths that e'er my

in my breast Is wea - ry and cast down, And when the sun is shadowed, While the
Sa - tan sends Are crowding thick and fast, And when youth's hopes are shattered And lie
feet must tread So dark and drear-y grow, And when my soul is heav - y With a

CHORUS.

heav-en's seem to frown;
dy - ing in the blast;
name-less pain and woe;
O I think of Christ my Sav - iour, And the cross on Calv'ry's side, I think of what He bore for me, And am straightway sat-is - fied.

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No. 4. Since I Gave Up the World.

R. B. McDaniel. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am liv - ing in peace and con - tent - ment of soul, Since I gave up the world for Je - sus; All my tri - als and bur - dens on Him now I roll,
2. I am feed - ing on man - na He dai - ly pro - vides, Since I gave up the world for Je - sus; And by still flow - ing wa - ters my footsteps He guides,
3. O I love to walk with Him, as friend walks with friend, Since I gave up the world for Je - sus; And the hours are so bliss - ful that with Him I spend,
4. I've a fore - taste of joy that in heav - en they know, Since I gave up the world for Je - sus; And it bright - ens my path - way as home - ward I go,

Chorus.

Since I gave up the world for Him. Sweet peace fills my soul since He took con - trol, And I gave up the world for Je - sus, He has cleans'd me from sin, and I'm on my way home, Since I gave up the world for Je - sus.

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No. 5. Full Well I Know.

Mattie B. Shannon. Adam Geibel.

Duet or Solo.

1. How do I know I love the Christ my Sav - iour? How could I
2. How do I know I love the Christ my Sav - iour? That by my
3. How do I know I love the Christ my Sav - iour? For of His

e'er from Him my love with - hold? For from His Fa - ther's throne He came to
side He's walk-ing all the way? There's deep within my soul the glad as -
love I'm long-ing now to tell, And all the an - guish that for man He

save me, And day by day new mer - cies I be - hold.
sur - ance That He will keep and guide me ev - 'ry day.
suf - fered, That you may al - so know I love Him well.

Chorus.

Full well I know I love my Sav - iour, And with a love that naught can dim;

Full well I know the grave is but the por - tal Thro' which I'll pass to dwell with Him.

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No. 6. Jesus for the World.

W. C. Poole. Adam Geibel.

1. The old world needs Je - sus to heal its sin, The old world needs
2. The old world needs Je - sus to give the light, And bright - en the
3. The old world needs Je - sus to make a - new The lives that are
4. The old world needs Je - sus to lead the way, To lead to His

Je - sus to - day; There's no one like Je - sus can help it to win,
path - way we tread; To scat - ter the gloom and the dark - ness of night,
blight - ed by sin; There's no one like Je - sus to make them all true,
heav - en a - bove; For no one like Je - sus can help it to - day,

Chorus.

To save . . . . . it and

Or help it on o - ver life's way.
And give it the sun-shine in - stead.
And help them the vic - to - ry win.
And no one like Je - sus can love.

To save it and keep it and

keep it, To love . . . . . it and biess it,

help it to - day, To love it and bless it and light-en the way; The old world needs

Je - sus to save it from sin, The old world needs Je - sus to - day.

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No. 7. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - iour trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
} The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

leads home, leads home;

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No. 8. He Held Out the Sceptre to Me.

ANNA M. PROCTOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When to Je - sus, the King, in re - pent-ance I came, And knelt at His
2. What a sin - ner was I, and how far I had stray'd, For fol - ly and
3. If to Je - sus, the King, you will now yield your heart, He'll make it His

throne, plead-ing grace in His name, What a won - der - ful smile on His
sin, what a price I had paid, I was hope-less in - deed, as I
home, and will nev - er de - part, Just re - pent and con - fess, then what

face I could see. In for - give - ness He held out the scep - tre to me.
stood all a - lone, Till I heard His sweet call and approach'd His white throne.
joy it will be, Just to have Je - sus hold out His scep - tre to thee.

CHORUS.

'Twas the scep-tre of love and of pardoning grace, 'Twas the sceptre of mercy so free;

The King of all heaven bent down from His throne, And held out the sceptre to me.
to me.

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No. 9. Beloved, We are the Sons of God.

GEO. ROBINSON.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
2. Teach me some mel - o - dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
3. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - ne-zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'll come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
4. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.

CHORUS.

Be-loved, be-loved, we are the Sons of God, And it doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be; But we know . . . that when He shall ap-pear, But we know . . . that when He shall ap-pear, We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, we shall see Him as He is.

we know ap - pear, we know ap - pear,

rit.

5 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 10. Room for Jesus.

C. Austin Miles. H. P. Danks.

1. Room for Je - sus; can it be, Beth - le - hem could find no place
2. Does He yet in - quire in vain For a place His head to lay?
3. En - ter in, O Heav'n-ly Guest, Make my heart Thy dwell - ing fair;
4. I, with Christ, am one to - day; Weak - ness I, but strength is He.

For the Christ of Gal - i - lee,— Sav - iour of a fall - en race?
Can I still His plea dis - dain, Let Him turn from me a - way?
Then am I for - ev - er blest With my Sav-iour's pres-ence there.
Will He ev - er with me stay? Yea, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Refrain.

O, my Mas-ter, Thou wilt find . . . Room with-in my heart for Thee;. . .

And I know Thou, ev - er kind, Wilt make room in Thine for me.

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No. 11. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy-like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-iour, I know,

rit.

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me, . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

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No. 12. When Jesus Reigns Within.

W. C. Poole. B D. Ackley.

1. There is glad - ness in my soul, There is joy be-yond con-trol, Since
2. There is rap - ture, there is peace, That for - ev - er will increase, Since
3. I am nev - er left a-lone, When I am the Lord's a-lone, Since
4. I have heav - en in my soul, Tho' the bil - lows 'round me roll, Since

Je - sus reigns with-in; For He drives all sin a-way, And He
Je - sus reigns with-in; There are blessings wait-ing me, There is
Je - sus reigns with in; And it makes my soul re-joice, When by
Je - sus reigns with-in; As I press my on-ward way To the

Since Je - sus reigns with-in;

Chorus.

brings the per-fect day, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.
glo - rious vic - to - ry, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.
faith I hear His voice, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.
land of per-fect day, Since Je - sus reigns with in.

Since Je - sus reigns with

Since

in, Since Je - sus reigns with - in; There is
Je - sus reigns with-in, Since Je - sus reigns with-in;

peace that fills the soul, There is joy be-yond control, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.

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No. 13. No Disappointment in Jesus.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. CLYDE WILLARD.

1. There's no dis - ap-pointment in Je - sus, On Him I can ev - er re - ly;
2. Earth's friends may all fail when I need them, The test-ing-time proves them un - true;
3. There's no dis - ap-pointment in Je - sus, In faith to His foot-stool I go;

With con - fi-dence wait His ap - pointment, Tho' sometimes my faith He may try.
But Christ is a Friend e'er un - fail - ing, I'll trust Him to car - ry me through.
With Him leave my heartaches and sor - rows, My pray'rs He will an - swer I know.

CHORUS. O no, ... O no, ...

There's no dis-appointment in Jesus, There's no disappointment, there's no disappointment;

1

For if He says go, why, then I will go, And if He says stay, I will stay;

2

Change dis - ap - pointment to His ap-pointment, And trust al - way.

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No. 14. A Prayer for Power.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. Clyde Willard.

1. In the up - per room at Je - ru - sa - lem, Wait - ing for the pow'r, The dis-
2. Lord, at Thy com - mand I am wait - ing here, Pray - ing for the pow'r, Let the
3. Give me pow - er now o - ver self and sin, Sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, That this
4. Let me tar - ry here, till my soul re - ceives Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r, Thou hast

Chorus.

ci - ples pray'd, till there came to them God's prom - is'd pow'r.
clov - en tongues in my soul ap - pear. Fill me with pow'r.
tem - ple, Lord, may be pure with - in, O give me pow'r.
prom - is'd, Lord, and my heart be - lieves, O give me pow'r.
} Lord, give me

Pow'r, pow'r,

pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r,

Give me pow'r, Give me pow'r,

The pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost, O come Thy - self, bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, De -

scend to - day as at Pen - te - cost, I pray for pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r.

Give me pow'r.

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No. 15. The Burden-Bearer.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. 55 : 22.

Mrs. J. I. McC. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.

1. One morn-ing a bur-den dropp'd down on my heart, A bur-den too
2. 'Twas more than I asked Him, the load to re-move When seek-ing for
3. O soul, with a bur-den, what-ev-er it be, Come, leave it with

heav-y to bear; I took it to Je-sus, That He would im-part His
com-fort that day; Not al-ways the wealth of His love do we prove By
Je-sus to-day; When He takes the bur-den He sets the soul free, And

Chorus.

grace, as I lin-gered in prayer.
fail-ing to trust, as we pray.
then you can sing, as you pray.
} He has tak-en the bur-den a-

way, He has tak-en the bur-den a-way, All the cares and the

tri-als that dark-ened the day, From my heart He has tak-en a-way.

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No. 16. Will You Say, "Here Am I, Send Me?"

A. A. Payn. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There are souls that wait for the Gos - pel light, Je - sus calls for thee;
2. If to bear His cross in - to lands un-known Far be- yond the sea,
3. If I bear a cross I shall win a crown, Read - y I shall be,

1. for thee;

Will your an - swer be, if by day or night, "Here am I, send me?"
Will your heart re-spond, tho' you go a - lone, "Here am I, send me?"
Try to bear it well 'til I lay it down, Should He call on me.

send me?"

Chorus.

Will you say when the Mas - ter calls, "Send me, send me,
"Send me, I'll go, I'll go,

1

I am read - y now for Thy serv - ice, Lord, All I am I give to Thee?"

to thee?"

2

rit.

I am read - y now for Thy serv - ice, Lord, Here am I, send me?"

send me?"

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No. 17. The Service of the Lord Means Victory.

A. A. Payn. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Put on the arm - or of the Gos - pel, Nor fear the might - y foe; With the
2. With faith we storm the heights be-fore us, And ev - er up - ward climb; For to
3. Then let us nev - er be dis - cour-aged, But al - ways of good cheer; Tho' the

Chorus. All in Unison.

Cross of Christ before us, In con - fidence we go.
fol low where He leads us Means vict'ry all the time.
vict'ry seems far distant, We know it must be near.

The serv- ice of the Lord means
will- ing- ly we hear His

1 2

"Vic - to - ry," Glad vic - to - ry, sure vic - to - ry! Then
"Follow me," (*Omit*.....
Who leads to heights sublime.

Sop. and Alto.

We'll fol - low in His foot-steps ev - 'ry day, His promise shall sustain us all the way;

Male Voices.

Parts.

The serv - ice of the Lord means "Vic - to - ry," Yes, vic - to - ry all the time.

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No. 18. My Comrade.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I seem to see one walking By the sea of Gai - i - lee; I think I
2. I seem to hear Him praying In the gar-den shad-ows dim, I won - der
3. But now I see Him dy-ing On the cross of Cal - va - ry, I kneel be -
4. We walk and talk to - geth-er, And I nev - er know a fear. In fair and

hear Him talk-ing, O will He speak to me? I wish He might draw nearer
what He's say ing? Would I might be with Him. I'll draw a lit - tle near - er,
fore Him cry - ing, "Have mer - cy, Lord, on me!" I feel my sins for - giv - en,
storm - y weath-er, My com-rade still is near, My Com-rade is my Sav - iour,

That I His face could see: I won-der who this Man can be? . . . . . .
Per-haps He'll pray for me: I won-der who this Man can be? . . . . . ,
Thro' His a - ton - ing blood I know this is the Son of God. . . . . .
Whose blood is all my plea, I know it will a - vail for me. . . . . .

1. Can be?

Chorus.

* O don't . . . you know Him? This Man of Gal - i - lee? , . . O

* O don't you know Him? Don't you know This Man, this Man of Gal - i - lee, O

don't , · , you know Him? O don't . . . you

don't you know Him? Don't you know The Christ of Cal-va - ry? O don't you know Him?

* Chorus for third and fourth verses—"O yes, I know Him," etc.

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My Comrade.—Concluded.

know Him?

don't you know My Comrade, true is He, Who died for you and me. . . . .

No. 19. Jesus Went All the Way.

MAY M. BREWSTER. B. D. ACKLEY.

*

1. Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way . . . . for me;
2. Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way . . . . for me;
3. Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way . . . . for me;

All the way for me;

There, 'midst sor-row and shame, at last He came, To the cross, to the cross for me.
There a thorn-crown He wore, my grief He bore, Paid the debt, paid the debt for me.
There for sin to a-tone, there all a-lone, Je-sus died, Je sus died for me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus went all the way to Cal-va - ry, 'Twas a drear-y and blood-stain'd way,

That His grace I might know, who lov'd me so, Je - sus went all the way for me.

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No. 20. Better Far Than Gold.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. CLYDE WILLARD.

1. My sins wore once so heav - y they bore me to the ground, My
2. His voice spoke peace and par - don, un - to my sin - sick soul, The
3. I'm sing - ing and re - joic - ing, as on my way I go, I

heart was fill'd with sad - ness, no com-fort could be found; But when I came to
load of care and trou - ble, from off my spir - it roll'd; O Praise His name for -
mean to live for Je - sus, that oth - ers, too, may know, The bless ed, bless-ed

Je - sus, 'twas joy and peace un - told, To know my sins for - giv - en, is
ev - er, for love that doth en - fold, To know my sins for - giv - en, is
sto - ry, that nev - er shall grow old, To know my sins for - giv - en, is

CHORUS.

bet - ter far than gold. Bet - ter far than gold, Bet - ter far than gold,

rit.

To know my sins for - giv - en, Is bet - ter far than gold.

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No. 21. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je - sus what-e'er may be - tide, It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shad-ows may hang o'er the way, And sor - rows may come to

out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a - bide; It
beck - on us home, Our pre - cious Re - deem - er each toil will re - pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it pays ev - 'ry

day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way; . . . . . Tho' the path way to
ev - 'ry step of the way;

glo - ry may some-times be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

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No. 22. Do You Wonder Why?

DEWEY M. ROSS. HARRY DIXON LOES.

There's a sto - ry you have heard a thou - sand times, Yet, I
Yes, it was for you and me that Je - sus died, Thus He
O the per - fect peace that Je - sus gave to me, When I
This sal - va - tiou may be yours just now, O soul, Grace and

bring it to you once a - gain; 'Tis of Je - sus' might-y love and
paid the debt we owed to God; And there is no oth - er way for
trust-ed Him to heal my woes; Ev - 'ry cloud of doubt was moved—I
mer - cy wait out - side your door; This the bless - ing and the joy by

sav - ing grace, And the rug - ged cross where He was slain.
man to come— It is on - ly in the cleans - ing blood.
saw the Light, And I found 'twas faith that brought re - pose.
oth - ers found Will be brought to you in end - less store.

CHORUS

Do you won - der why I love to tell it? I love to

hear it, sing it, shout it? Je - sus lift - ed me from sin to

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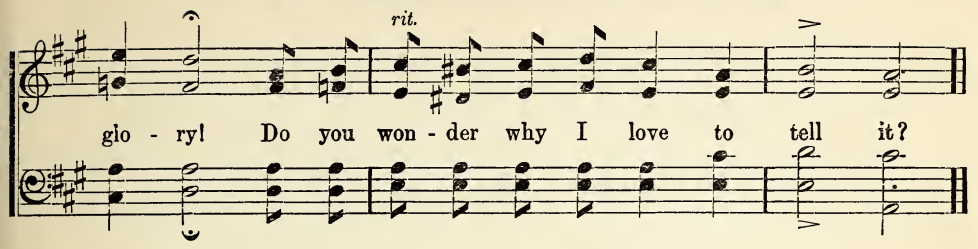
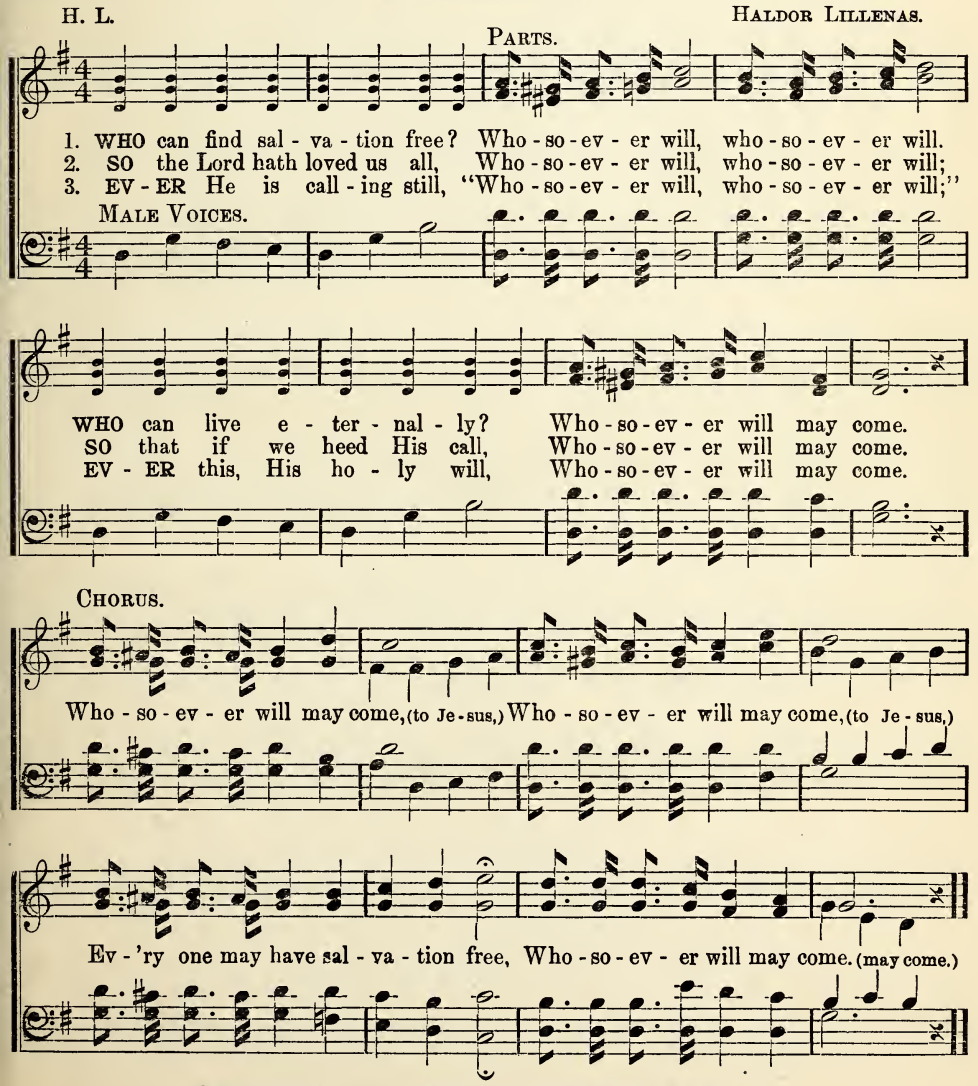
Do You Wonder Why?—Concluded.



No. 23. Who-so-ever.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.



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No. 24. I Have Heaven Here.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. Clyde Willard.

1. Since I have found my Sav-iour, Each day He grows more dear, My life is
2. I have no con-dem-na-tion, But joy and peace with-in, I made a
3. I'm walk-ing in the high-way, Where nothing can an-noy, God's love my
4. I've put the world be-hind me, I've noth-ing now to fear. Its charms can-

Chorus.

chang'd complete-ly, And I have heav-en here.
full sur-ren-der, For vic-t'ry o-ver sin.
soul is fill-ing, And I have heaven's joy.
not al-lure me, For I have heav-en here.
} O I have heaven here,

heav-en here,

Yes, I have heav-en here, My soul is all a-flame. With the love of

heav-en here,

Je-sus' pre-cious name, For I have heav-en here, Yes, I have heav-en

heav-en here,

here, Since Je-sus dwells with in my soul, O I have heav-en here.

heav-en here,

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No. 25. Send the Fire.

L. S. H. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. If we would be ful - ly free from all sin, ... We must let the cleansing
2. In the up - per room it fell long a - go, ... The dis - ci-ples' hearts with
3. Je - sus calls to us His fol- low'rs to be, ... He is call - ing where He

1. all sin,

fire make us clean, ... That our hearts be fit for Thee to come in, ...
joy o - ver - flow'd; . . . Still His pow'r's the same to - day, this we know, . . .
leads you and me; . . . . Lord, that we in serv-ice now may be free, ...

make us clean, to come in,

REFRAIN.

Send the fire, and send it now. O the fire is what we need, send it

now, Send it now, send it now; All the sin and dross consume,

send it now, Send it now, send it now;

Make us ful - ly now Thine own, Send the fire and send it now.

just now.

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No. 26. The Fountain of Cleansing

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I have been to the foun - tain of cleans - ing, And plung'd 'neath the life - giv - ing flow, 'Tis the blood shed on Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, That makes the soul whit - er than snow.
2. I have been to the foun - tain of cleans - ing, Found peace in the Cru - ci - fied One, All my sins by His grace have been can - celled, And heav'n in my soul is be - gun.
3. I have been to the foun - tain of cleans - ing, And glo - ry is flood - ing my soul. Hal - le - lu - jah! My heart is re - joic - ing, His blood makes me ev - 'ry whit whole.

CHORUS.

O yes it makes whit - er than snow, than snow.

The blood cleans - es me, this I know. I know, Since it cleans'd me from sin, I have Je - sus with - in, His blood cleanses whit - er than snow. . . . than snow.

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No. 27. Lord, Use Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. By Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, Lord, use me, In Thy serv - ice
2. In ful - fill - ing Thy com-mands, Lord, use me, Yield - ing heart and
3. All self - seek - ing take a - way, Lord, use me, Cleanse and keep me

hour by hour, Lord, use me, Bend-ing heart to do Thy will, Glad Thy
brain and hands, Lord, use me, By Thy gra-cious love pos-sessed, Use me
day by day, Lord, use me, As a reed Thy breez - es blow, Lift me

bid - ding to ful - fill, As at Pen - te - cost, come still, Lord, use me.
in Thy serv - ice blest, In this world to do my best, Lord, use me.
up or lay me low, Mak-ing heav'n-ly mu - sic so, Lord, use me.

Chorus. *Slow, and great expression.*

mp *mp* *a tempo.*

Lord, use me, Lord, use me, Show-ing forth Thy love di - vine.

ad lib. *p*

Make me al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, use me, Lord, use me.

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No. 28. Be of Good Cheer.

John 16 : 33.

Mrs. J. I. McC. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.

1. When the day is drear - y, When the night is long, Heart and soul are
2. Lay a - side your sor - row, Lay a - side your fear, Trust Him for to -
3. Test - ing us in kind - ness, Try - ing us in love, We, in earth - ly

wea - ry, Faith has lost her song, Get a glimpse of glo - ry,
mor - row, With a faith sin - cere, He will do the keep - ing,
blind - ness, Can - not see a - bove. Clouds may like a cur - tain,

Je - sus seat - ed there, What a won - drous sto - ry of His care.
He is strong and true, Je - sus, nev - er sleep - ing, will keep you.
Veil from us His face, Faith is al - ways cer - tain of His grace.

Chorus. Unison.

"In the world ye shall have trib - u - la - tion, In the world ye shall

Parts.

have trib - u - la - tion, But be of good cheer, I have o - vercome the world."

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No. 29. Seeking, He Sought Till He Found Me.

W. J. K. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Like a lost sheep on the moun-tain a - stray, Far from the fold I had
2. Broth-er, the Sav - iour is call - ing you home, Why on the mountains of
3. Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is look - ing for you, Christ, the good Shepherd, so

wan - der'd a - way, Je - sus came seek - ing His lost one that day;
sin will you roam? Back to His love He is bid - ding you come;
lov - ing and true. He will re - ceive you and wel - come you home;

Chorus.

Seek - ing, He sought till He found me.
Seek - ing, He's seek - ing to find you.
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour.
} Seek - ing, He sought till He

found me, Then, with His lov - ing arms 'round me, Close to His

bo - som He bound me, Bring - ing me back to the fold.

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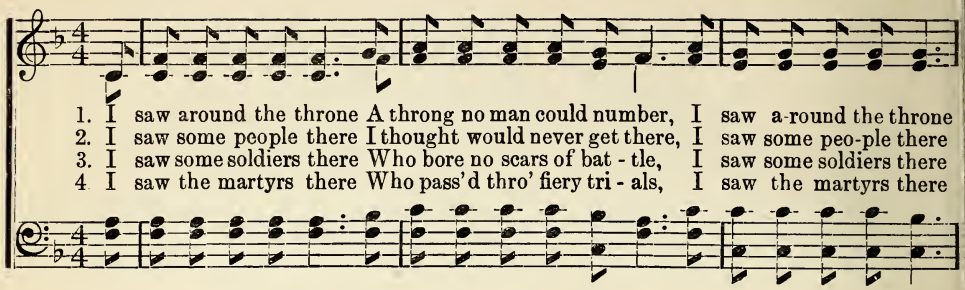
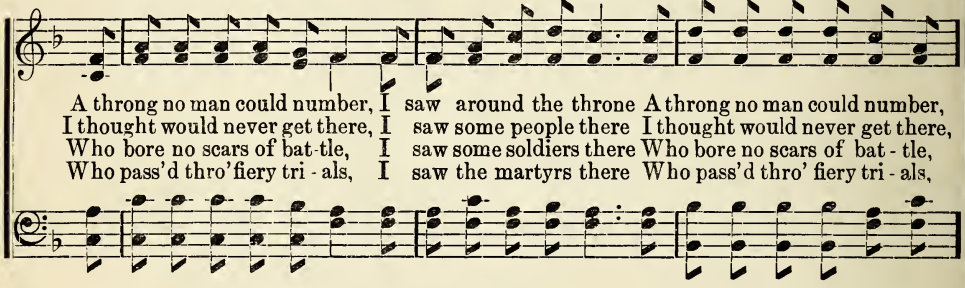
No. 30. Who Are They?

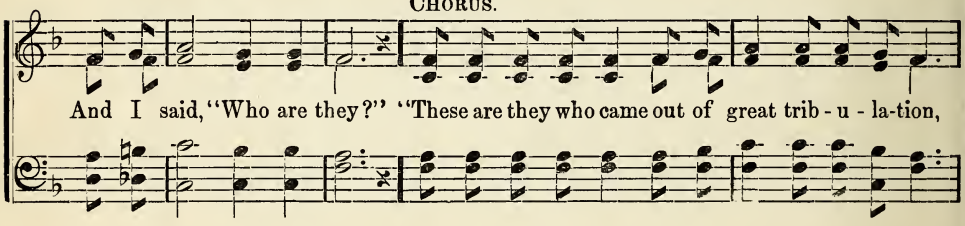
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



1. I saw around the throne A throng no man could number, I saw a-round the throne
2. I saw some people there I thought would never get there, I saw some peo-ple there
3. I saw some soldiers there Who bore no scars of bat - tle, I saw some soldiers there
4 I saw the martyrs there Who pass'd thro' fiery tri - als, I saw the martyrs there

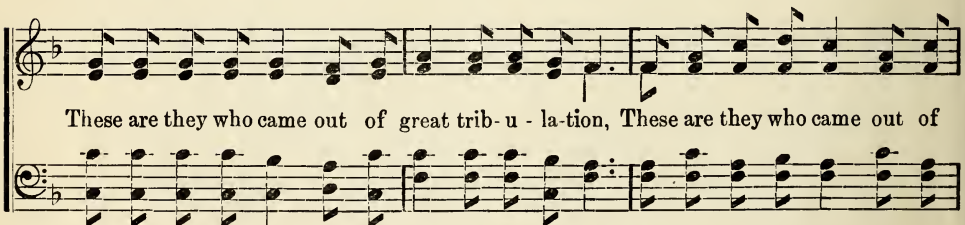


A throng no man could number, I saw around the throne A throng no man could number,
I thought would never get there, I saw some people there I thought would never get there,
Who bore no scars of bat-tle, I saw some soldiers there Who bore no scars of bat - tle,
Who pass'd thro' fiery tri - als, I saw the martyrs there Who pass'd thro' fiery tri - als,

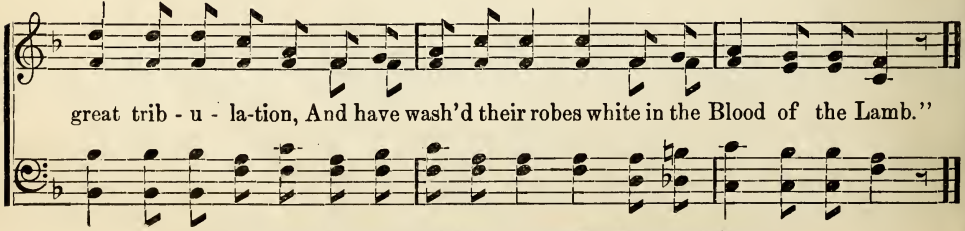


Chorus.

And I said, "Who are they?" "These are they who came out of great trib - u - la-tion,



These are they who came out of great trib- u - la-tion, These are they who came out of



great trib - u - la-tion, And have wash'd their robes white in the Blood of the Lamb."

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No. 31. Bring Ye All the Tithes.

"Bring ye all the tithes . . . prove me now . . . if I *will* not open the windows of heaven."—MAL. 3:10.

CHAS. H. REYNOLDS — C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Heav'ns win-dows are not o - pen wide, There's dearth in all the land to - day.
2. God's choic-est bless-ings are with-held, He tells us in His ho - ly word;
3. The vine yields not her rich - est fruit, And tares grow up in place of wheat.

The times have chang'd, but God has not, His chal-lenge is the same al - way;
Be - cause our sins be-tween us come And sep - a - rate us from our Lord.
God is not pleas'd to have it so; O let us seek His mer - cy seat.

CHORUS.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house; And prove me now," saith the Lord your God;

"And I will pour you out such a bless-ing, There will not be room e-nough to con-

tain it," Heap'd up, press'd down, Shaken togeth-er, And run - ning o - ver.

Heap'd up, press'd down,

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No. 32. When I Awake.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Sin may leave its mark on me That no eye but God can see,
2. On the rocks of troub - le wrecked, Bod - y bent, but soul e - rect,
3. In His robe of right - eous-ness, My "All - per - fect heav'n-ly dress,"

Chorus.

But from this I shall be free, When I a - wake.
Naught shall fail that I ex - pect, When I a - wake.
I with joy shall Him con - fess, When I a - wake.
"As for me, as for me, When I be - hold His face in right - eous - ness,
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I a-wake, when I a - wake in His like - ness."

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No. 33. I Am Alpha and Omega.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. My trust I place now and ev - er In One my soul can de - liv - er, A
2. My heart with joy now is tell - ing Of Him who finds there a dwell-ing, Whose
3. Je - ho - vah, God! Still at - tend me, From doubt and fear still de - fend me, Faith

Chorus.

Ref-uge strong, failing nev - er, For His word is sure.
love is gen - tly com - pell - ing On His word to rest.
to sus - tain ev - er send me, That my soul fail not.

I am Al - pha and O - me - ga, The be - gin - ning and the end - ing, Which is and which was, And which is to come. I am Al - pha and O - me - ga, The Be - gin - ning and the end - ing, The Al - might - y, the Al - might - y, saith the Lord.

rit.

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No. 34. He was Wounded for Our Transgressions.

W. Cowper. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song. I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way;
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
When this poor, lisp - ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

Chorus. Unison.
(Isaiah 53 : 5)

He was wounded for our trans-gres-sions, He was bruis-ed for our in - iq - ui-ties;

Parts.

The chastise-ment of our peace was up-on Him, And with His stripes we are heal'd,

Unison.

He was wound-ed for our trans-gres - sions, He was wound - ed for our trans

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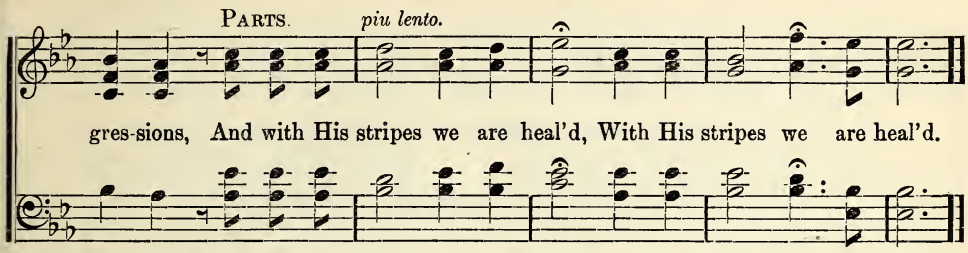
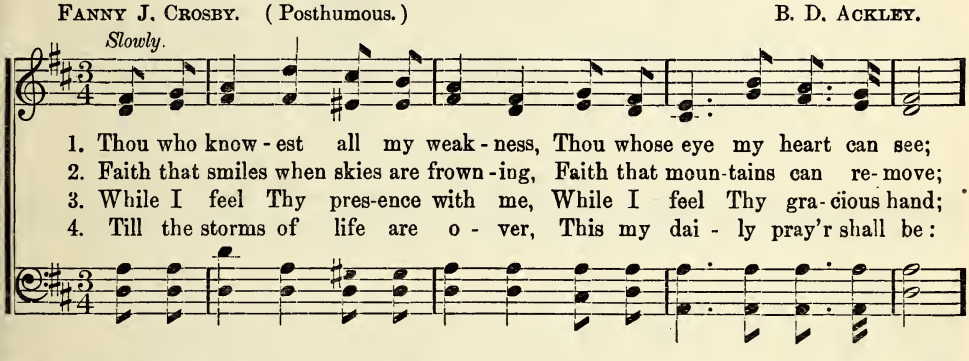
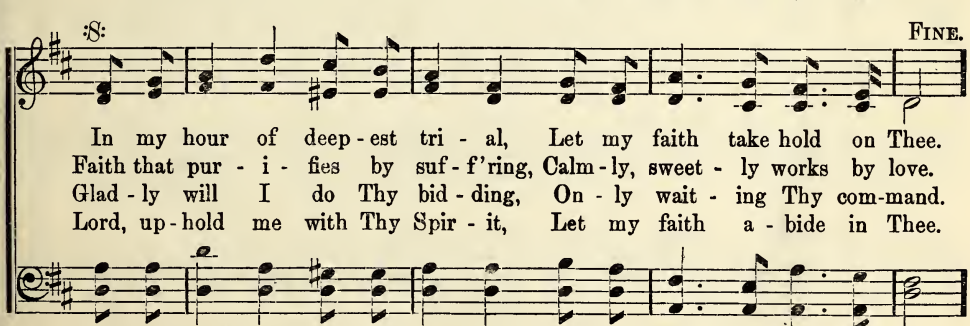
He was Wounded for Our, etc.—Concluded.

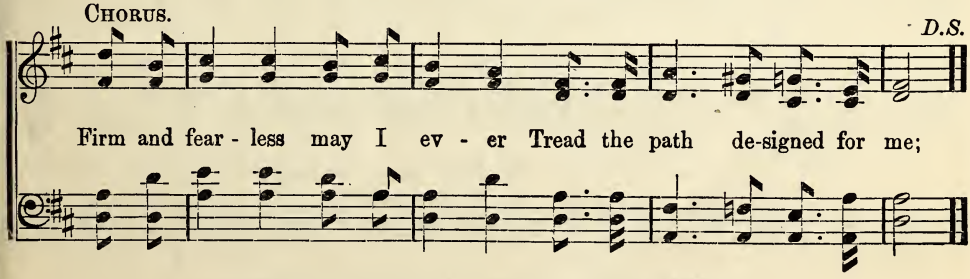


No. 35. Let My Faith Take Hold On Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.) B. D. ACKLEY.







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No. 36. In the Depths of the Sea.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. My sins, O the peace-giving thought, Are bur-ied beneath the wild wave,
2. No more shall they rise to dis-tress, Or trou-ble the peace of my soul,
3. No tempest can bring to the light The sins He has bur-ied for aye,

1. peace-giv-ing thought,

Since God in His mer-cy has brought . . . His won-der-ful pow-er to save.
As o'er them in pow-er to bless. . . . . God's waves of forgiveness shall roll.
My soul pre-cious is in His sight, ... And He will pro-tect it al-way.

has brought,

Chorus.
(Micah 7 : 19)

"Thou wilt cast all their sins in-to the depths of the sea," 'Tis the word of the

Lord, and suf-fi-cient for me, Tho' the bil-lows may roar and may

break on the shore, They are lost in its depths, and can reach me no more, Of the

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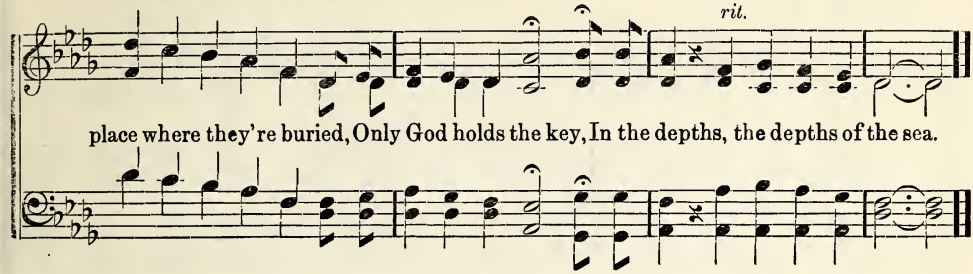
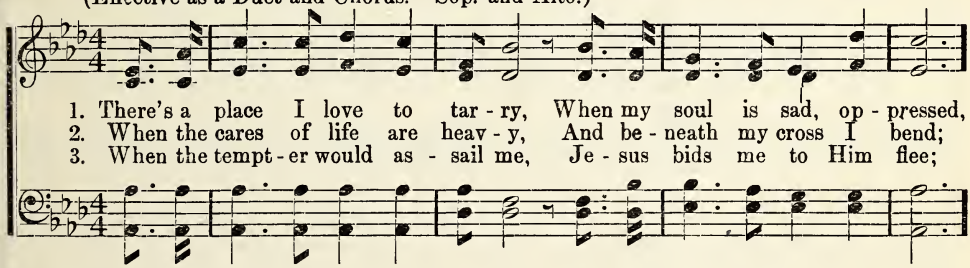
In the Depths of the Sea.—Concluded.

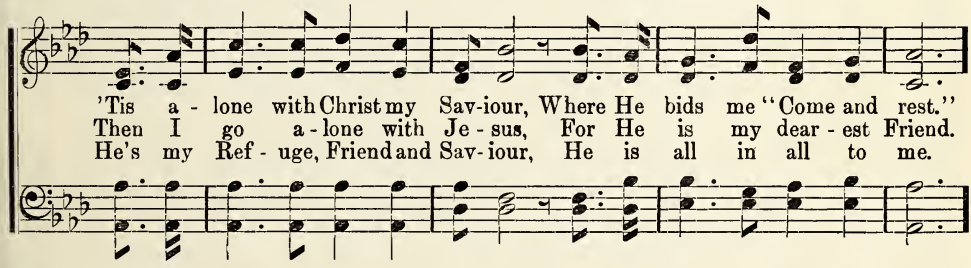


No. 37. Alone With Jesus.

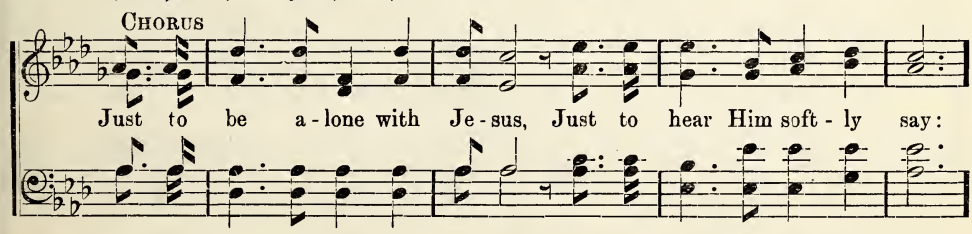
D. M. S. D. M. Shanks.

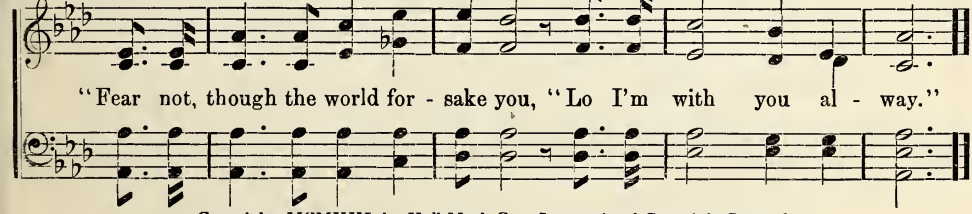
(Effective as a Duet and Chorus. Sop. and Alto.)





Chorus





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No. 38. Behold, What Manner of Love.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. O the won - drous love the Fa - ther shows Un - to us un -
2. When He shall ap - pear what we shall be Fills the soul with
3. Hope - ful - ly we wait for that glad day, When He shall ap-

wor - thy His to be, For we have been made the sons of God Thro'
joy and bliss di - vine, We shall be like Him whose own we are, And
pear His own to greet, Read - y may we be, true sons in - deed, With

Chorus. *Slower.*

Christ of Cal - va - ry.
in His beau - ty shine.
joy our Lord to meet.

Be - hold, what man - ner of love, Be-

hold, what man-ner of love, the Fa - ther has be-stowed up - on us, that

we should be called the chil - dren of God, the chil - dren of God.

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No. 39. When the Little Lost Sheep Comes Home.

Clara E. Putnam. C. Austin Miles.

Unison or Duet.

1. In - to the val - ley of grief and shame, In - to the twi - light dim,
2. White is the fleece of the nine - ty and nine, Mur-mur ye not in scorn,
3. You were a lit - tle lost sheep a - stray, Broth-er, and so was I.

O - ver the mountain the Shepherd came And gathered His own to Him. . . . .
"Lit - tle Lost Sheep, this coat of thine Is blackened and soiled and torn." . . . .
Wounded and sick on the hills a - way, And read - y al - most to die. . . . . .

rit.

a tempo.

What of the nine - ty and nine as - leep And safe while the wild winds
Ten - der the love in the Shep-herd's voice, The quiv - er - ing soul is
On - ly the Shep-herd our souls can keep, Our feet are so prone to

moan? Will they be kind to the lit - tle lost sheep When the
blest; "Heav - en - ly an - gels, re - joice, re - joice! For my
roam; Will you be kind to the lit - tle lost sheep When the

lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the lit - tle lost sheep comes home?
lit - tle lost sheep can rest, For my lit - tle lost sheep can rest."
lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the lit - tle lost sheep comes home?

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No. 40. Only to Know Thou Art Mine, Lord.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET. Sop. and Alto or Tenor.

1. On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, When I am tempt-ed and tried; . . . . . On - ly to know Thou art near me,
2. On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, When light is flood-ing my day; . . . . . Earth's joys seem sweet-er and light - er,
3. On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, When life's dark shad-ows shall fall; . . . . . On - ly in faith to be - hold Thee,

rit.

My wav'r-ing foot-steps to guide. . . . . .
Tread-ing life's dark, rug-ged way. . . . . .
Know Thou art all and in all. . . . . .

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, On - ly to know Thou art mine; . . . . . Fills me with joy, naught of earth can de - stroy, On - ly to know Thou art mine. . . . . .

Thou art mine; Thou art mine; Thou art mine.

rit.

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No. 41. Will You Ask Him to Live With You?

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. M. SHANKS.

1. I dream'd that a stran-ger once came to my door, And He wait - ed my
2. I felt at a glance He would be my friend, That my life would be
3. Let Je - sus be Guest in your home to - day, Just to know Him will

guest to be, A won - der-ful look on His face He wore, Of com-
full of cheer, The vis - it be - gan, nev - er - more to end, For the
be to live. A soul full of song will be yours al - way, That the

CHORUS.

pas - sion and love for me.
Christ is my com - rade dear.
Sav - iour a - lone can give.

O won - der-ful dream, O beau - ti - ful

dream, That ev - 'ry one can make true, He is liv - ing with

me, my Sav - iour is He, Will you ask Him to live with you?

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No. 42. Keep in Touch with Jesus.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. Clyde Willard.

1. On your way to heav - en Thro' this vale be - low, Where the hosts of e - vil,
2. When o'erhang-ing shad - ows, Make your path ob scure, And you dread the dan - ger,
3. When the way is pleas - ant, And the sky is bright, And the scenes a - round you,

Seek your o - ver-throw, If in ev - 'ry con - flict, You would win the day.
Feel - ing in - se - cure, Would you have to cheer you, Heav-ens bright-est ray?
Fill you with de - light, In the daz-zling brightness, Do not go a - stray.

Chorus.

Keep in touch with Je - sus, All the way. Keep in touch with Je - sus, Keep in touch with Je - sus, Keep in touch with Je - sus, Keep in touch with Je-sus, Ev-'ry day; Keep in touch with Je - sus, Keep in touch with Je - sus All the way.

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No. 43. His Love for Me.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. When I think of the love of my Sav - iour, He my por - tion for - ev - er shall be, For I count all things loss in the light of His cross,
2. When I think of the love of my Sav - iour, In the gar - den my Lord I can see, And the cross where He died, for my sins cru - ci - fied,
3. When I think of the love of my Sav - iour, I ac - cept of the par - don so free, I will sing forth His praise to the end of my days,

Chorus.

When I think of His love for me. When I think of His love for me, ... His love for me,

When I think of His love for me, ... Hal - le - lu - jah I'll sing, His love for me,

Je - sus Christ is my King, When I think of His love for me.

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No. 44. The God to Whom I Pray.

E. E. Hewitt. (Posthumous.) B. D. Ackley.

Do not hurry.

1. The God who led His peo - ple thro' the part - ed sea, And from E - gypt - ian bond - age, set His chil - dren free, Who rain'd down bread from heav - en all the pil - grim way, Is the God to whom I pray.
2. The God who res - cued Dan - iel from the li - on's den, And from the fier - y fur - nace, sav'd the three young men, Who speaks, and con - stel - la - tions will His voice o - bey, Is the God to whom I pray.
3. The God who stills the temp - est with a word di - vine, And on the clouds of sor - row, makes His rain - bows shine, Who from the tomb of Je - sus rolled the stone a - way, Is the God to whom I pray.
4. The God who clothes the lil - y in its robe of snow, Who in the bar - ren des - ert makes His riv - ers flow; The God who lifts the sin - ner from the mir - y clay, Is the God to whom I pray.

Chorus.

Just the same to - day, just the same to - day, As when He led His peo - ple thro' the sea; His trust - ful child I'll be, For O the God to whom I pray is just the same to - day, sea, thro' the sea,

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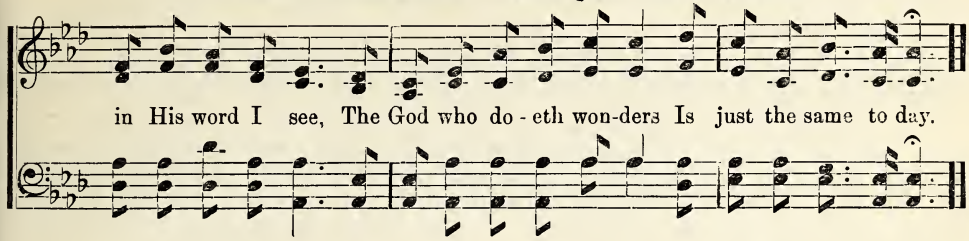
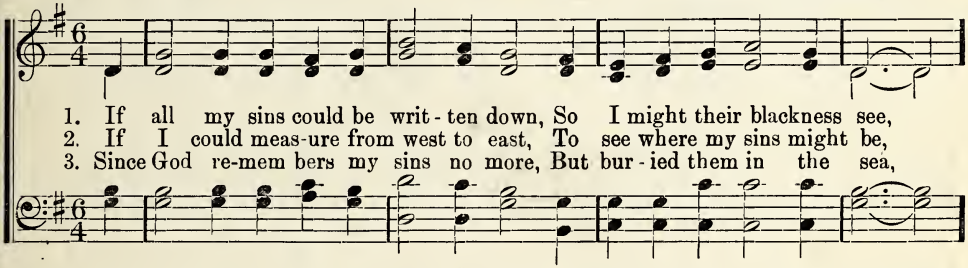
The God to Whom I Pray.—Concluded.

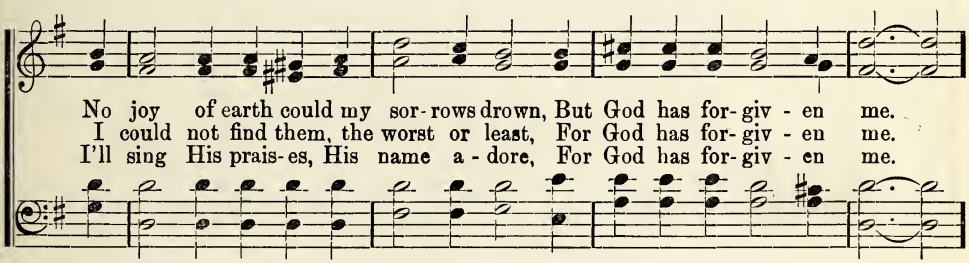


No. 45. God Has Forgiven Me.

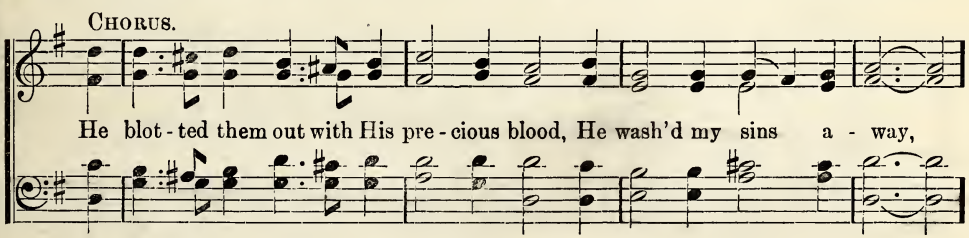
"In whom we have forgiveness."—Col. 1: 14.

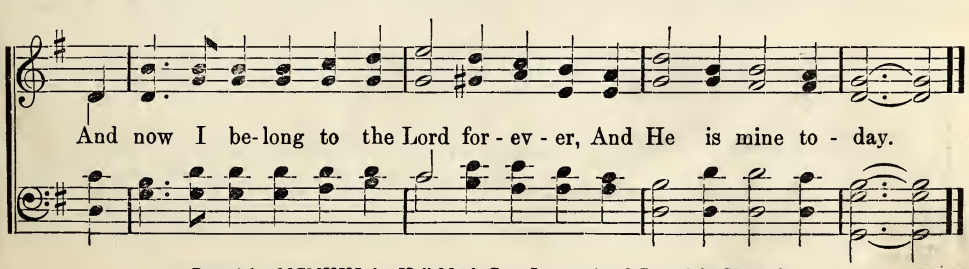
Mrs. J. I. McC. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.





Chorus.





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No. 46. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, think-ing all is lost, Count your ma - ny bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your ma - ny bless-ings, ev - 'ry
promised you His wealth un - told; Count your ma - ny bless-ings, mon - ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your ma - ny bless-ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can not buy, Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

Chorus.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your ma - ny bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your ma - ny

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings,

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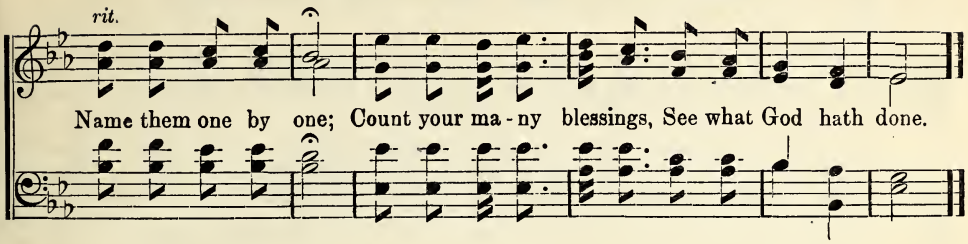
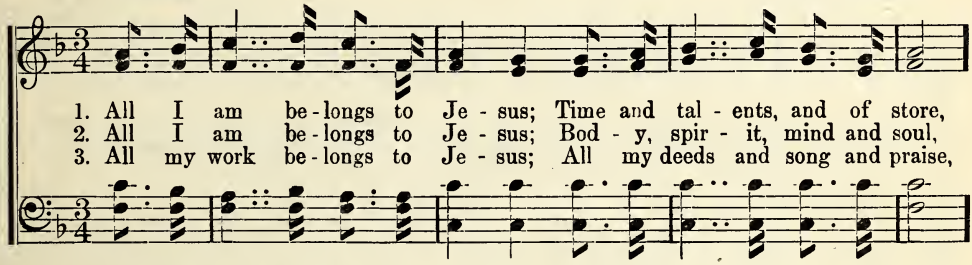
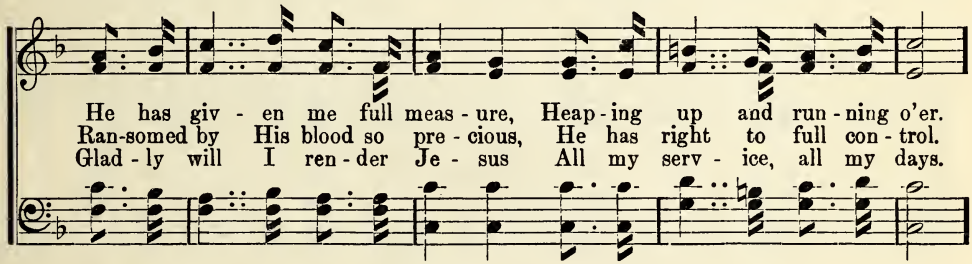
Count Your Blessings.—Concluded.



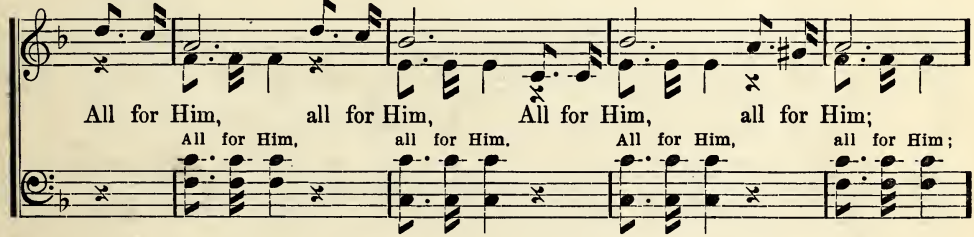
No. 47. All I Am Belongs to Jesus.

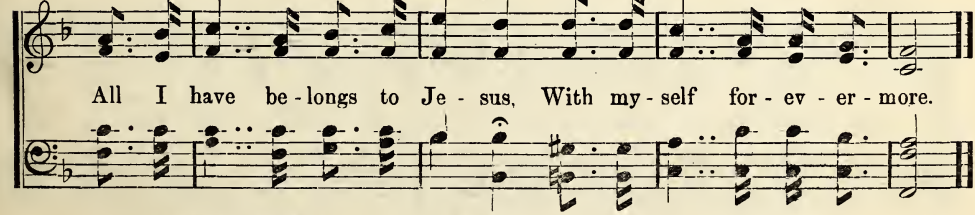
W. C. Poole. Adam Geibel.





Chorus.





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No. 48. Just One Hour with the Saviour.

L. S. H. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET.

1. Just one hour with the Sav - iour, When the way seems dreary and long; How it turns all the clouds in - to sun - shine, The tears in - to ju - bi - lant song.
2. Just one hour with the Sav - iour, When the world would lead me a - way, Brings His love to my heart in such full - ness, That I from His side would ne'er stray.
3. Just one hour with the Sav - iour, O yes, 'tis wondrous-ly sweet, Just by faith hear Him say, "I am with thee," Gives me grace all life's tri-als to meet.

CHORUS.

Just one hour with the Sav - iour, Just one hour to pray,
How it gives grace and pow - er, To meet life's prob-lems each day;
Just one hour in His pre - sence, Lost in the depth of His love; 'Tis

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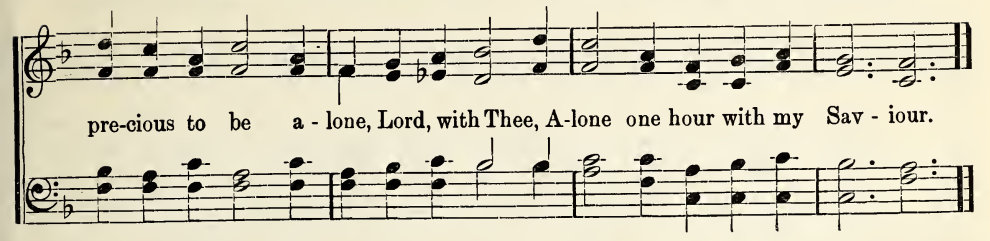
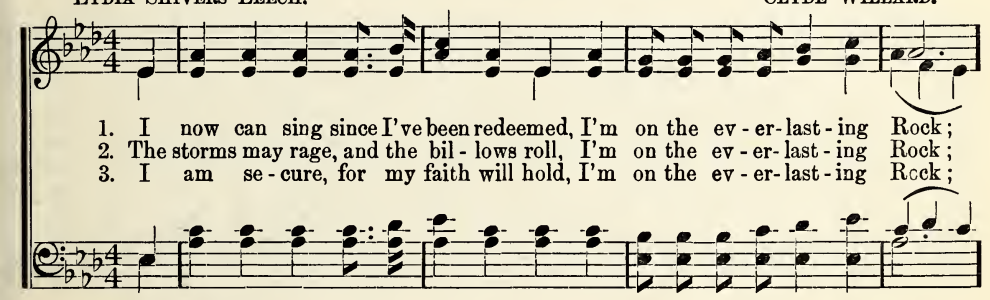
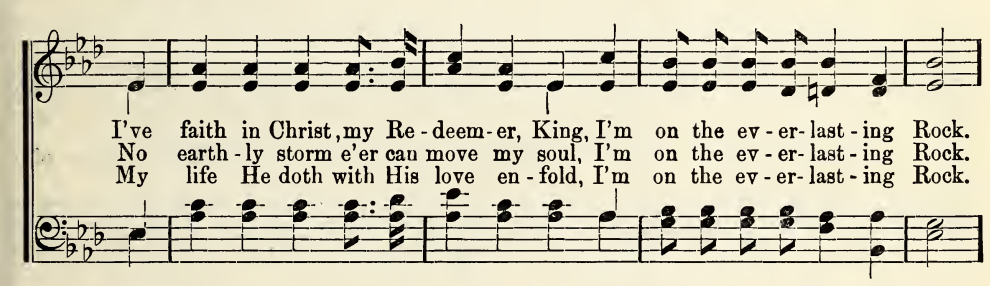
Just One Hour with the Saviour.—Concluded.

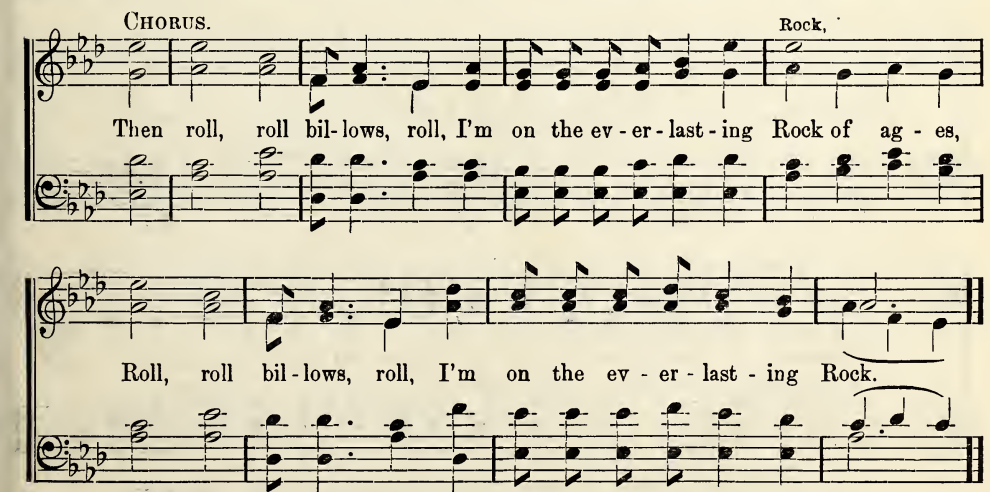


No. 49. Roll, Billows, Roll.

LYDIA SHIVERS LEECH. CLYDE WILLARD.







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No. 50. Pentecostal Power.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee pre - pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With earn - est zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the old - time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy floodgates of bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the Pen-te-cost - al pow'r, That sin-ners be con-vert - ed and Thy name glo - ri - fied!

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No. 51. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran - ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a - way, up - on a gold - en strand; Ambas - sa - dor to be of realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's com - mand: that all men, ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and turn a - way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar - on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

Chorus.

This is the mes - sage that I bring, A mes - sage an - gels fain would sing: "O be ye re - conciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "O be ye rec - on ciled to God."

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No. 52. I've Been Delivered.

HERBERT BUFFUM — D. M. SHANKS.

1. Out of the pow - er and dark - ness of sin, Out of the path-way
2. All of the sun-shine, and all of the joy, I thought was real,
3. Once I was trou-bled, of what folks would say If I should trav - el
4. Once I would trem-ble if death called for me, Once for the fu - ture

I have trav eled in, Out of the bond-age by faith in His word,
it was but al - loy, Out from the false lights a - long Sa - tan's shore,
where I walk to - day; Now I'm con-tent - ed if I'm pleas - ing God,
no light could I see; But when sal - va - tion re-moved death's sharp sting,

CHORUS.

I've been de - liv - ered from it all, praise the Lord.
I've been de - liv - ered to go back nev - er - more.
I've been de - liv - ered from the path where I trod.
I was de - liv - ered from it, now I can sing.
} I've been de - liv - ered,

I've been de-liv-ered, Out of the pit and the deep mi - ry clay; I've been de -

liv-ered, I've been de - liv-ered I've been de- liv-erd from it all, praise the Lord!

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No. 53. Without Jesus.

INA DULY OGDON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Do not think you can live with - out Je - sus, If you trust in your-
2. Do not think you can live with - out Je - sus, You have bur-dens too
3. Do not think you can live with - out Je - sus, As the a - ges e-

self you must fail; There is no oth - er friend who can help you, When the
heav - y to bear; In the long, lone - ly night of your sor - row, On - ly
ter - nal - ly roll; You must hide in the arms ev - er - last - ing, In your

CHORUS.

storms of temp - ta - tion as - sail.
Je - sus your tri - als can share.
Sav - iour, the life of the soul.

Do not think you can live with - out

Je - sus, You will need Him by night and day; Do not think you can

live with-out Je - sus to guide, You will need Him each step of the way.

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No. 54. The Glory Chorus.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. An-gels are sing-ing in cho-rus, Bright, shin-ing throng, Fill-ing our
2. Let all the na-tions in cho-rus, Thro' end-less days, Vie with the

hearts with their mu-sic Full, clear, and strong, Sweet-ly their voic-es are blend-ing,
heav-en-ly mu-sic An-them to raise, Lift-ing their voic-es in sing-ing,

In the glad cho-rus un-end-ing, Heav-en-ly mu-sic tran-scend-ing,
Till earth and heav-en are ring-ing, Trib-ute to Christ ev-er bring-ing,

Chorus.
Sop. and Tenor.

Glo-ry song . . .
Laud and praise. .

Alto.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Heav'n with the an-them

Sop. and Alto.

Bass.

Tenor and Bass.

rings . . . Glo-ry, glo-ry, Earth with the ech-o

an-them rings,

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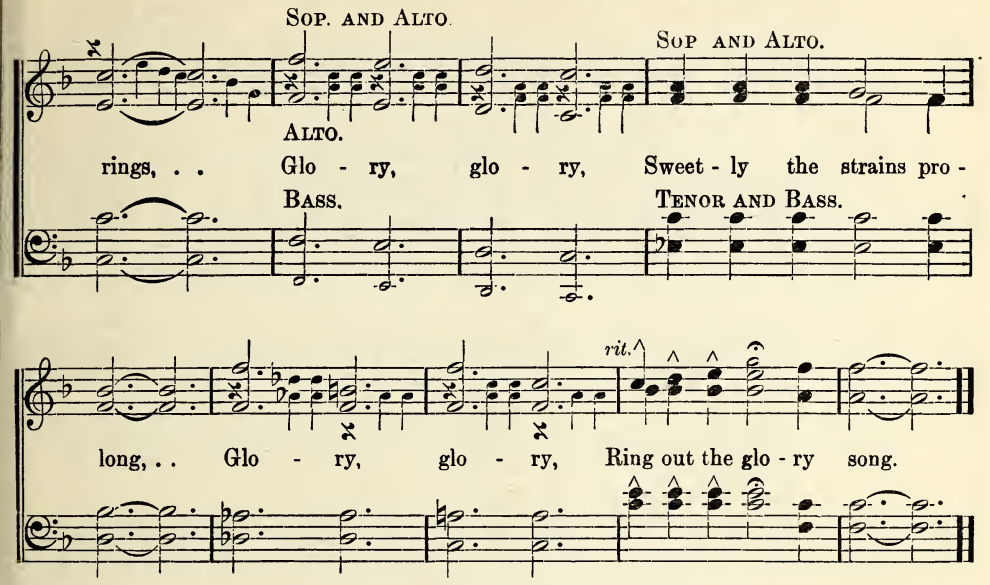
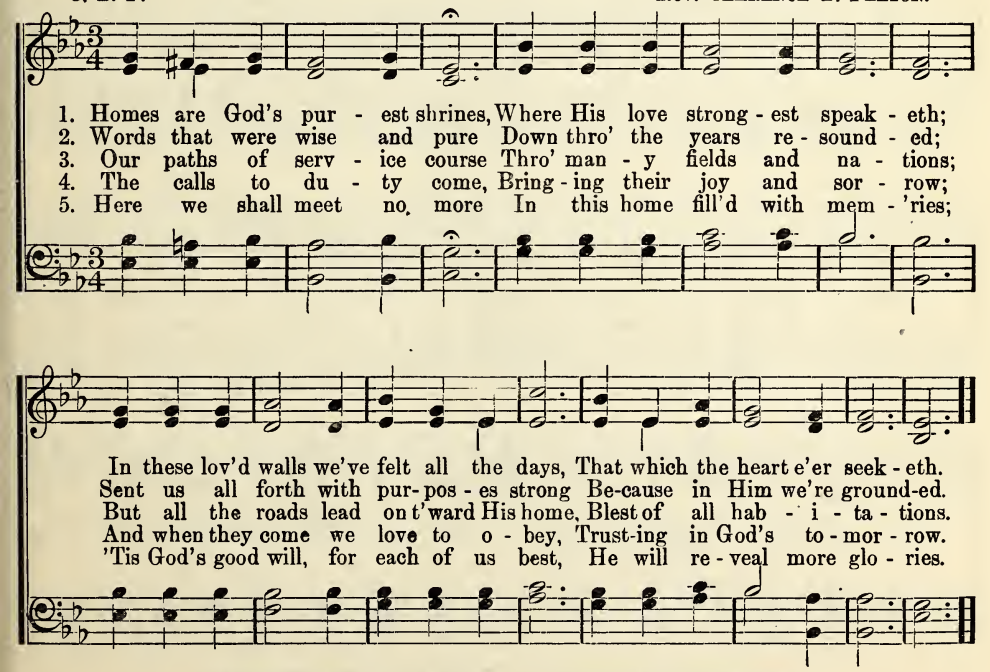
The Glory Chorus.—Concluded.



No. 55. Homes are God's Purest Shrines.

(Written for the family farewell to Bishop and Mrs. Bickley, as they depart for Singapore. Also the last family gathering in the Felton Homestead of many years. September 14, 1920.)

C. B. F. Rev. Clarence B. Felton.



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No. 56. The Morning After Rain.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If on - ly we keep trusting Our Fa-ther day by day, If on - ly we keep
2. How love - ly is the gar-den On summer mornings fair, When storms of night have
3. O lov-ing heart now breaking For lack of someone's smile; The part - ing though so

look - ing To Him to guide our way, He's promised to up - hold us Through
wak-ened New life and beau - ty there; So oft by tears of sor-row We
bit - ter Is on - ly for a - while: Be - lieve God's word of prom-ise, Your

all life's grief and pain, And turn our night to morning bright, Clear shin- ing af-ter rain.
clear - er vis - ion gain, And God can prove His tender love Clear shin- ing af-ter rain.
own you'll find a - gain, In heaven's light of morning bright, Clear shin- ing af-ter rain.

CHORUS

There will come a morn clear shin- ing af - ter rain, That will end the night, the

wea - ry night of pain; Through the shad - ows hold God's hand; Why they

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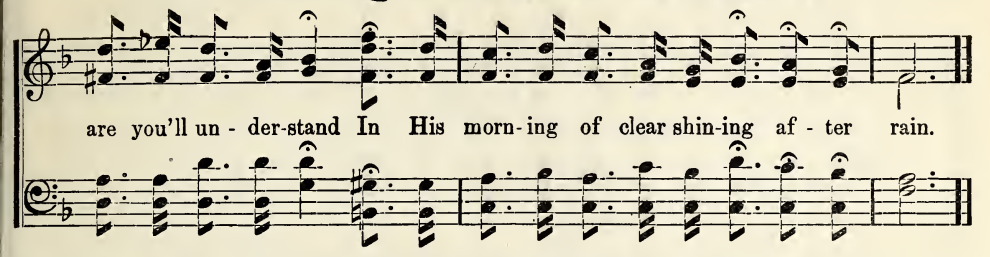
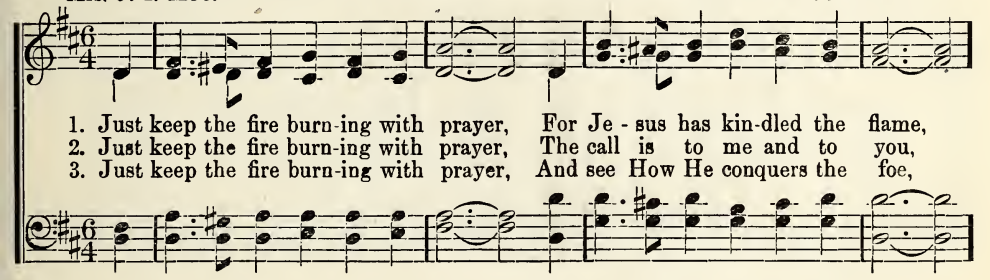
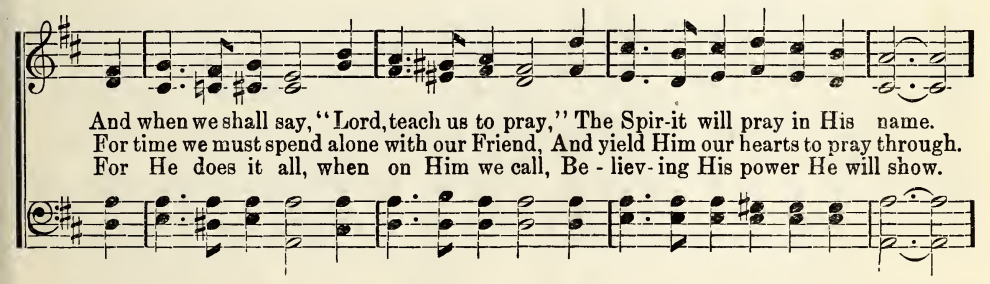
The Morning After Rain.—Concluded.

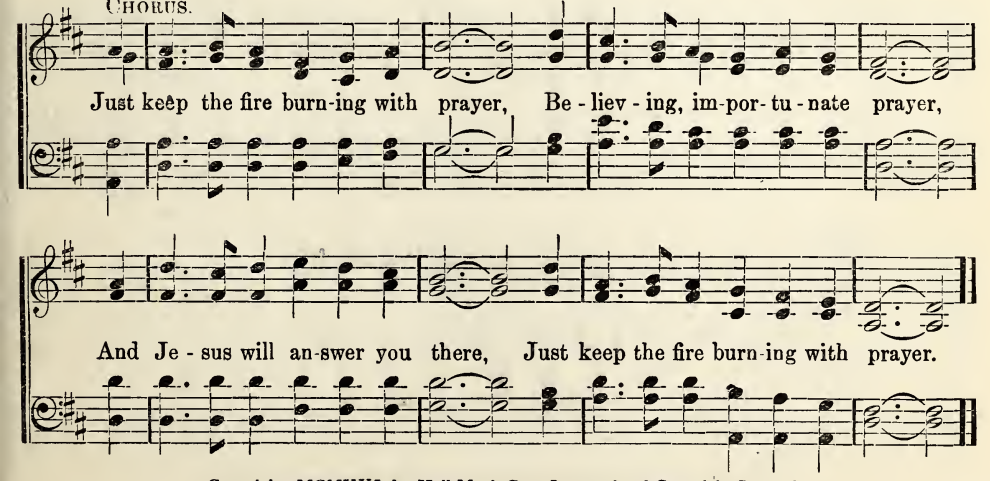


No. 57. Just Keep the Fire Burning with Prayer.

Mrs. J. I. McC. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.







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No. 58. Christ Hath Redeemed Me.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. While I was sin-ning and stray - ing, While I my steps was de - lay - ing,
2. Hear-ing the voice of my Sav - iour, Ten-der - ly whis-per-ing ev - er,
3. While at His feet low - ly bend - ing, He gave me par- don transcend - ing,

Male Voiles. Unison.

rit.

Christ, my Re-deem-er, was say - ing, I gave my life for thee.
Thou hast a place in my fav - or, I gave my life for thee.
Now I have life nev - er - end - ing, Thro' Him who died for me.

Chorus.
All in Unison. Parts.

Christ hath re-deemed me, Suf-fered and died on the cru - el tree,

Unison. Parts.

Christ hath re deemed me, Fal - ter - ing not at the ag - o - ny;

Unison. Parts.

Christ hath re deemed me, O what a won - der - ful sto - ry,

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Christ Hath Redeemed Me.—Concluded.

UNISON. PARTS.

Won - drous, a - maz - ing, He gave His life for me. (for me.)

No. 59. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

(Composed extemporaneously, without the use of an instrument and dictated at the closing song-service of Pitman Grove camp-meeting, Pitman, N. J., Tuesday evening, Aug. 3d, 1920, and named Hall in honor of Mr. J. Lincoln Hall, musical director.)

JOHN FAWCETT. (HALL.) ADAM GEIBEL, Mus. Doc.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bov'.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS.) H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

No. 60. Wonderful Story.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH — JOHN ABNETT. Arr. by L. S. H.

1. I came to the Sav-iour, sad and un-done, Still naught that I of-fered
2. Thro' faith in the blood, I'm cleans'd from all sin, My Lord, in His full-ness,
3. O bless-ed Re-deem-er, be e'er my guide, Thro' shad-ow and sun-shine,

for sins could a-tone; His blood can re-deem me, shed once on the tree,
a-bid-eth with-in, O won-der ful Sav-iour, such peace to be-stow,
walk close by my side; I'll cling to Thee ev-er, what-ev-er be-fall,

CHORUS.*

So full-y and free-ly, a-vail-eth for me.
Now find-ing, my jour-ney, a heav-en be-low.
I'll trust in Thee, al-way, my all and in all.

O won-der-ful sto-ry,
He purchas'd my par-don

of Je-sus, the King, Who left heaven's glo-ry, sal-va-tion to bring;
on Cal-va-ry's (*Omit.*.....

tree, Now thro' the a-tone-ment, I'm hap-py and free.

* Soprano and Tenor sing grace notes; Alto and Bass large notes of top staff.

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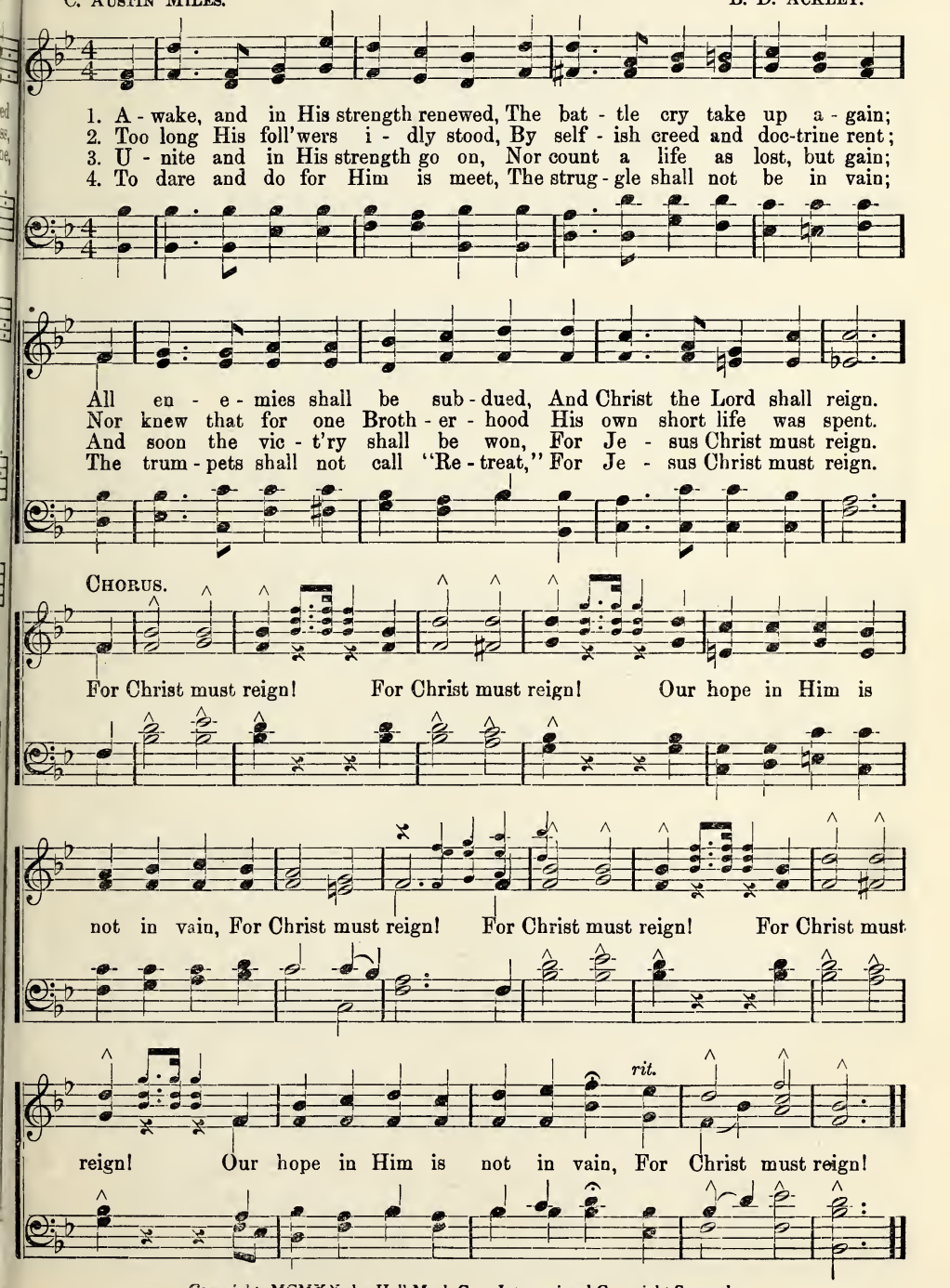
No. 61. He Must Reign.

C. Austin Miles. B. D. Ackley.



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No. 62. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im - man - u - el, We cast . . . . . our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im - man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im - man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earth - ly monarchs clam - or forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - iour! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - iour, King, The vi - brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled
ev - er, Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's

chords of heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy name: All

ff

hail! All hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! All hail!

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CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im - man - u - el, Im-man - u - el,

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Hail! Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow - er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . .

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el,

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im man-u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

No. 64. Choose Ye this Day.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. B. D. ACKLEY.

Unison.

1. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Hear ye
2. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Ma - ny
3. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Make the

not the Lord's com - mand? Ev - er a - long the way
snares lie all a - round; Pleas - ures of earth will oft
Lord in - deed your King; Faint not nor fal - ter, press

of life, You will need a guid - ing hand.
be - guile, Climb a - bove to high - er ground.
a - head, To the cross of Cal - v'ry cling.

CHORUS PARTS.

Choose ye this day, ... Choose ye this day, ... Choose ye this
Choose ye, choose ye this day,

Choose ye this day,

day whom ye will serve; As for me and my house we will serve the

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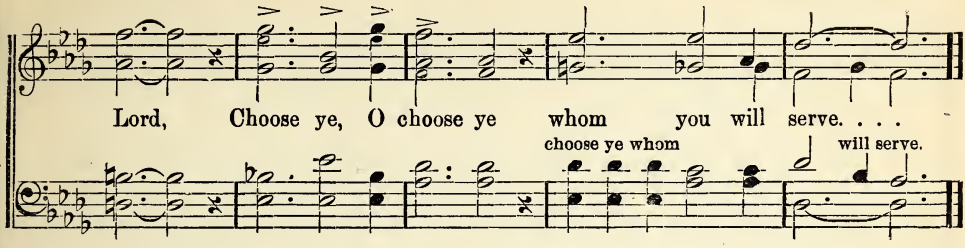
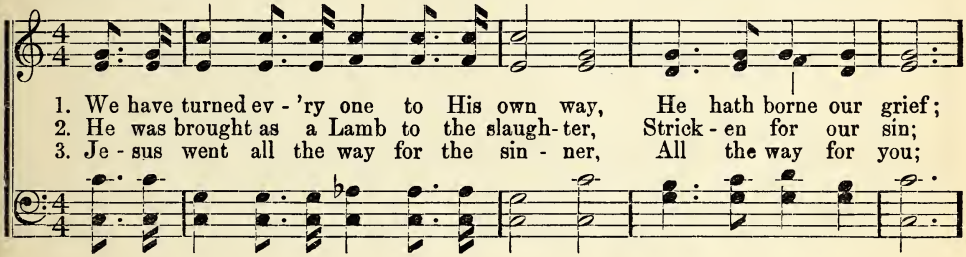
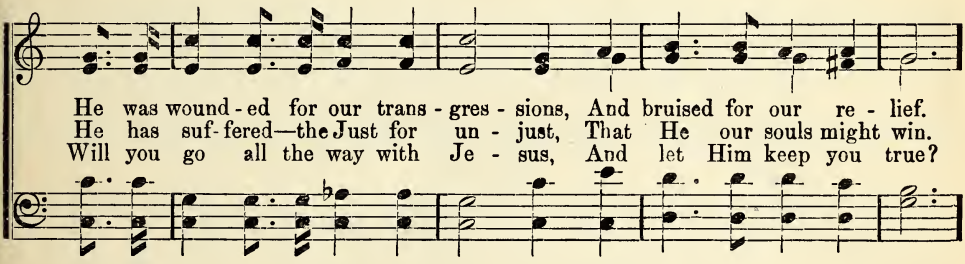
Choose Ye this Day.—Concluded.



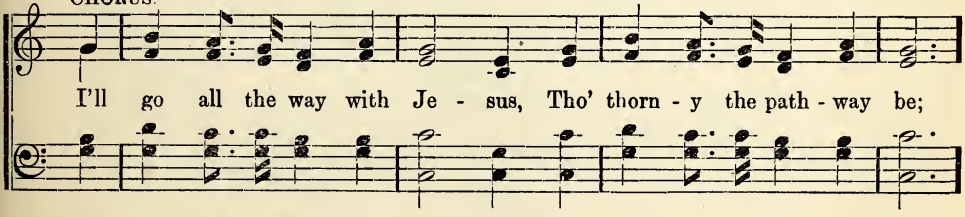
No. 65. All the Way.

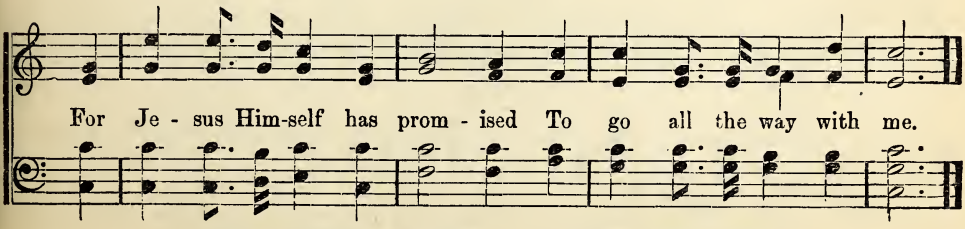
Mrs. J. I. McC. Isa. 53. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.





Chorus.





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No. 66. Some One Must Tell the Story.

W. S. Poole. Adam Geibel.

1. Some one must tell the glad sto - ry, The bless-ed old sto - ry so true,
2. Some one must tell of a Sav - iour To oth-ers a-cross the deep blue,
3. Some one must tell of the bless - ing That comes with each morning so new,
4. Some one must tell of sal - va - tion, Some one must to Je - sus be true,

Of love and of won-der-ful glo - ry, O say will that some one be you?
Now wait-ing His love and His fav - or, O say will that some one be you?
The good-ness of Je-sus con - fess - ing, O say will that some one be you?
And car - ry to each wait-ing na - tion The sto - ry that al-ways is new.

Two-Part Chorus.*

O say . . . . . will that some one be you? O say . . . . . will that

O say will that some one be you? . . . . . O say will that some one be

some one be you! 1 To tell . . . . . the glad sto - - - ry,

you? . . . . . To tell the glad sto - ry of grace and of glo - ry, O

rit. 2 Parts.

say will that some one be you? . . . To tell the glad sto - ry of

* The lower notes are the melody, and should be sung by all the low voices. The upper notes by the high voices.

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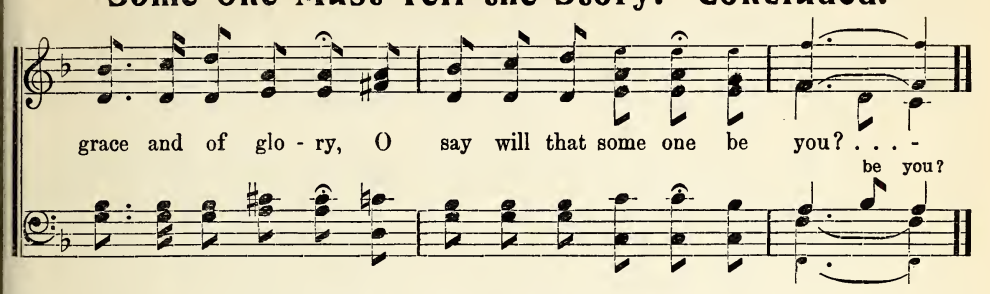
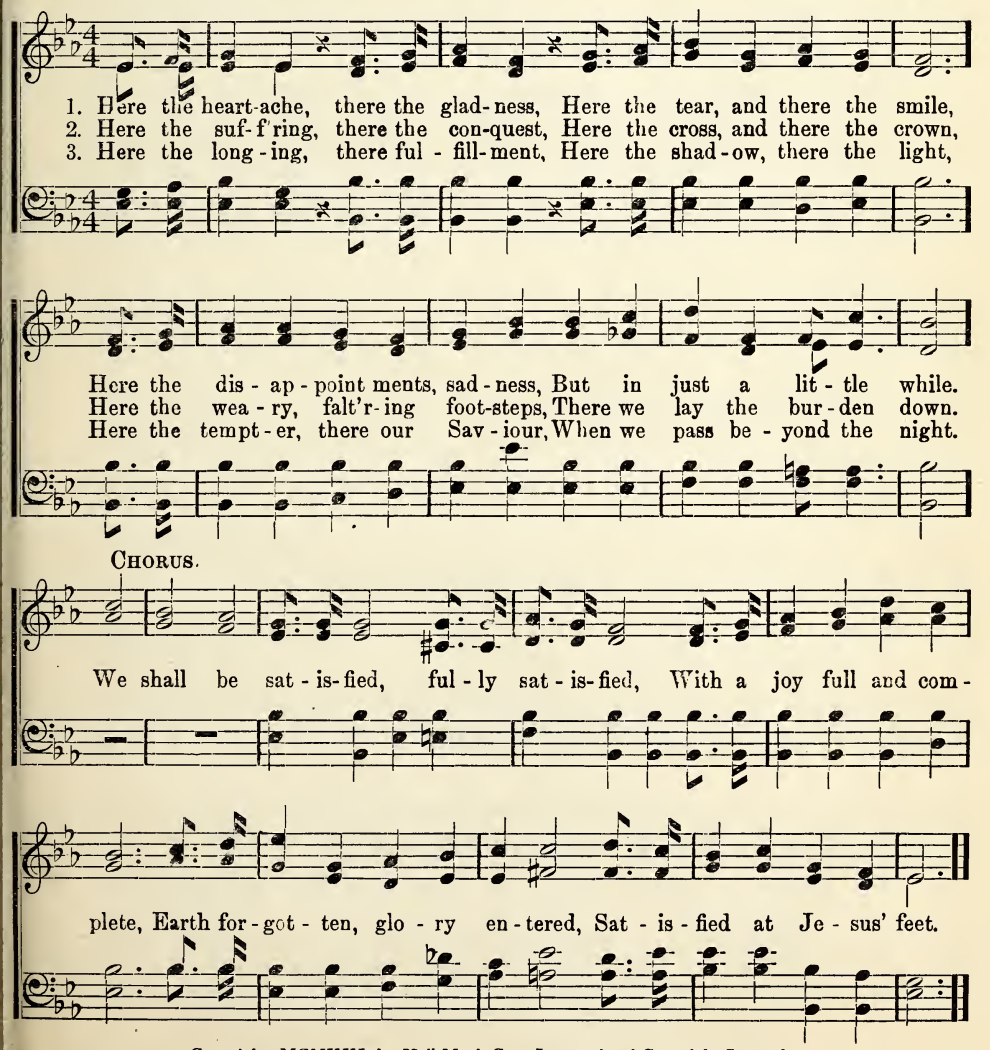
Some One Must Tell the Story.—Concluded.



No. 67. We Shall Be Satisfied.

ANNA M. PROCTOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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No. 68. I've Moved.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I was liv - ing down in E - gypt, A - far from Ca - naan land,
2. I was liv - ing there in bond - age, To doubt - ing and de - spair,
3. I am liv - ing on God's boun - ty, My needs are all sup - plied,
4. In this land of peace and plen - ty, My soul will ev - er stay,

Till the Ho - ly Spir - it found me, And I moved at His com - mand.
But a - mid the joys of Ca - naan I can walk as free as air.
With His man - na, milk and hon - ey, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
I have moved from dark - est E - gypt, To re - turn no more that way.

Chorus.

I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land; I've
I've moved, I've moved,

moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan, land of milk and hon - ey;
I've moved, I'm moved,

I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land, Where
I've moved, I've moved,

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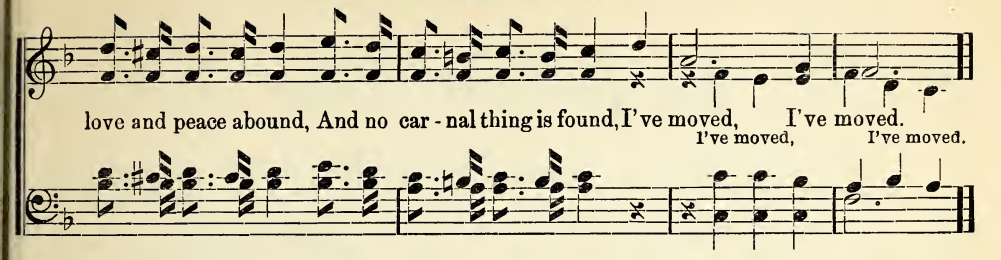
I've Moved.—Concluded.

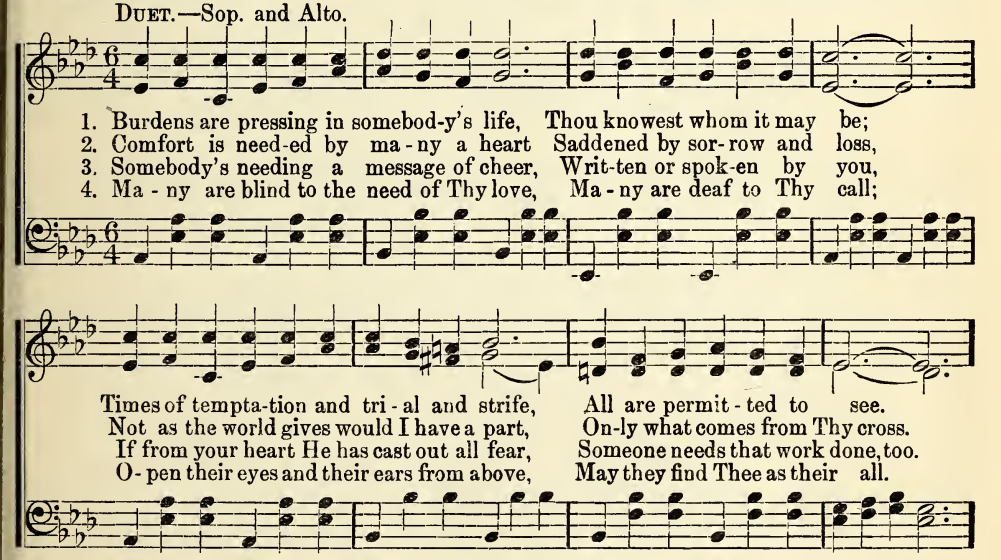


No. 69. Let Me Help Someone To-day.

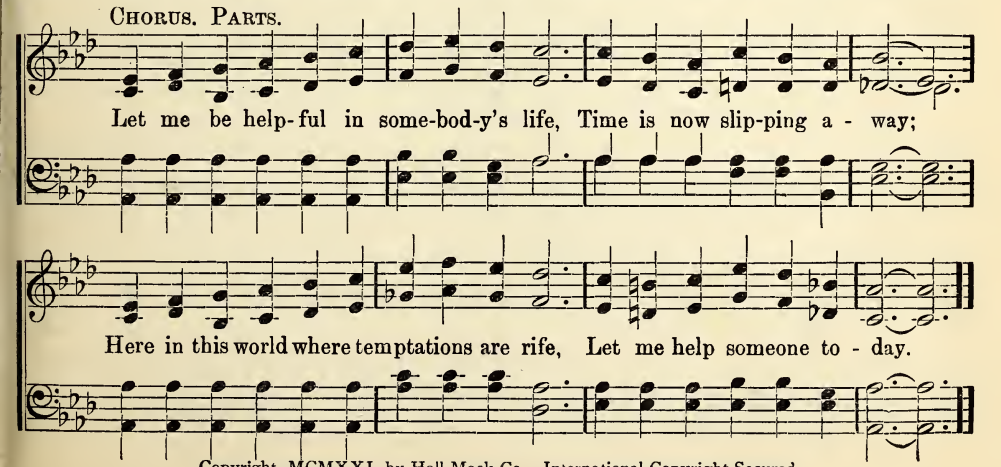
"They helped everyone his neighbor."—Isa. 41 : 6.

Mrs. J. I. McC. Mrs. J. I. McClelland.

Duet.—Sop. and Alto.



Chorus. Parts.



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No. 70. Down to the Uttermost.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

Smoothly.

1. Who can tell the love of Je - sus? Love for you and me, High- er than the high- est heav- en, Deep-er than the sea; . . . . Bring-ing Him from brightest glo-ry, Down to Calv'ry's woe, That the sin- ner, lost and low, Might sal-va- tion know.
2. Doubt no more the love of Je - sus, Nor His sav - ing pow'r; Let His might-y arms en-fold thee, Yield to Him this hour; . . . He is will - ing, He is a - ble, For His grace ex - ceeds All our long-ings, all our needs, Ear-nest pray'r He heeds.
3. Come and prove the love of Je - sus, Ten- der, true and strong; Let Him lift thee to the sun-shine, Fill thy soul with song; . . . He for thee is in - ter-ced -ing, Far be-yond the sky; Let Him bring thee, by and by, To His home on high.

Chorus.

{ Down, down, down, to the ut - ter- most depths, His love will seek thee; Down, down, down to the ut - ter - most depths, His arms can reach and save thee;
{ Love, love, boundless and won- der - ful love of (*Omit*.....

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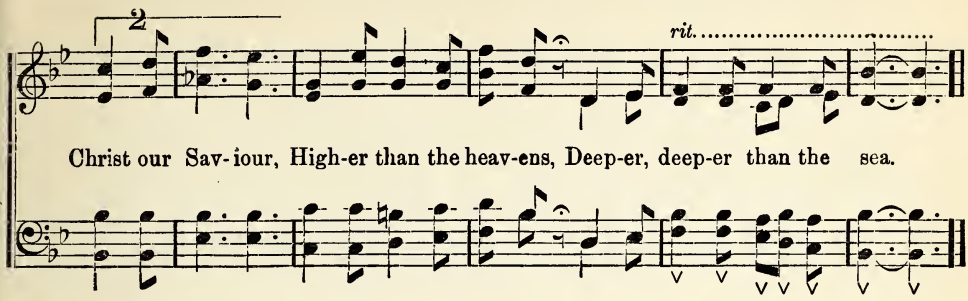
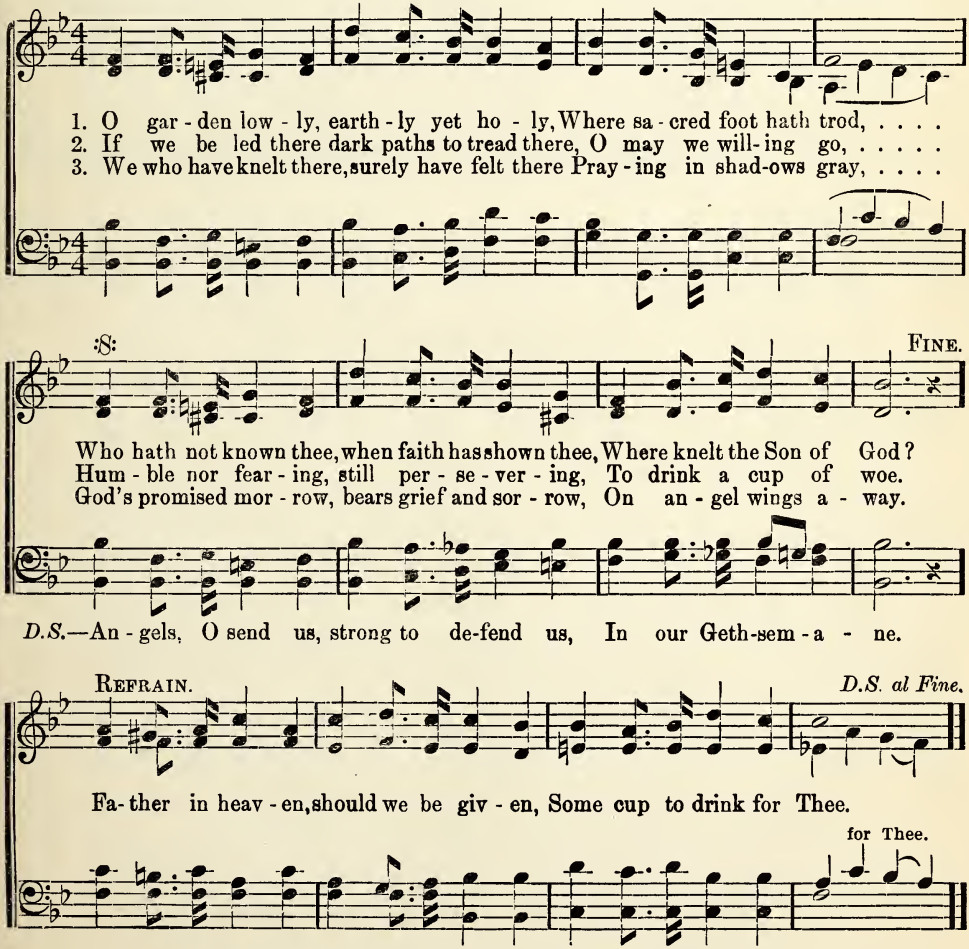
Down to the Uttermost.—Concluded.



No. 71. Our Gethsemane.

C. Austin Miles. E. A. Casselberry.



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No. 72. For God so Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. A sto - ry sweet and won - drous, Like heav'n - ly mu - sic swells;
2. When, griev - ing, brok - en - heart - ed, Be - cause of sin and shame,
3. This love, be - yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,
4. Come, broth - er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;

In chim - ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the Gos - pel bells.
We find a joy earth can - not de - stroy, Be - liev - ing on His name.
Could on - ly show its full o - ver - flow, When Je - sus came to die.
His grace re - ceive, His prom - ise be - lieve, And sing His praise a - new.

Chorus.

For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly be -
For God . . . . so loved the world,

got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -

ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I've Anchored My Soul;" "O There's Sunshine;" "Glory to His Name;" "Precious Name."

For God so Loved the World.—Concluded.

per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life. . . . . ev - er - last - ing life.

No. 73. Lead Me to Calvary.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Slowly.

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der - ly mourn'd and wept;
3. Let me like Ma - ry, thro' the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
1. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;

Lest I for - get Thy thorn-crown'd brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guard - ed Thee while Thou slept.
Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

CHORUS.

Lest I for - get Geth - sem - a - ne; Lest I for - get Thine ag - o - ny;

Lest I for - get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.

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No. 74. If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun - shine that I, in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know— if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A - cross the burn-ing des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con- fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
4. It is not mine to ques - tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con- tent an - y - where!

Chorus.

If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go . . . an - y - where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Wher- e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here His

I'll go

His cross, his

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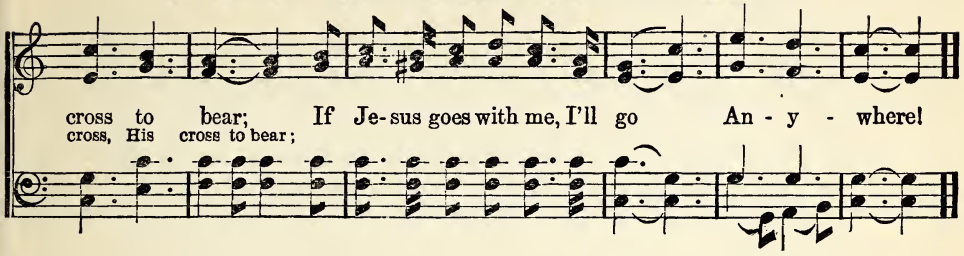
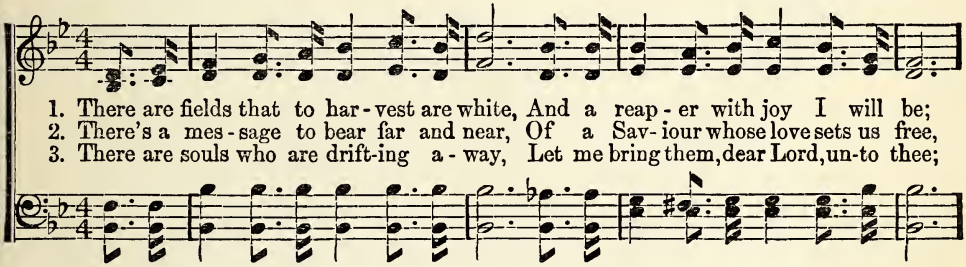
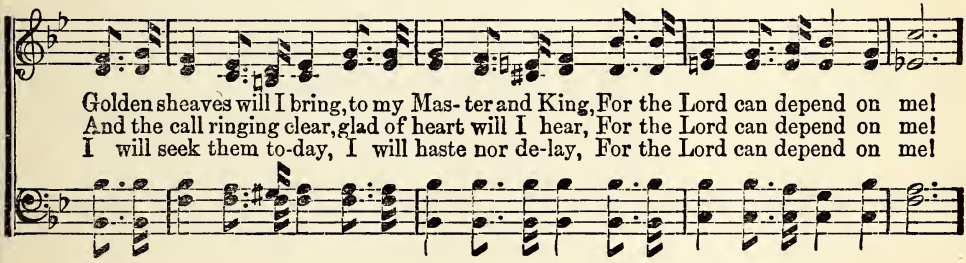
If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.



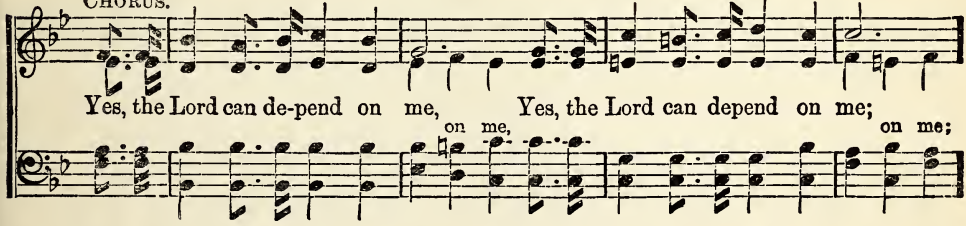
No. 75. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

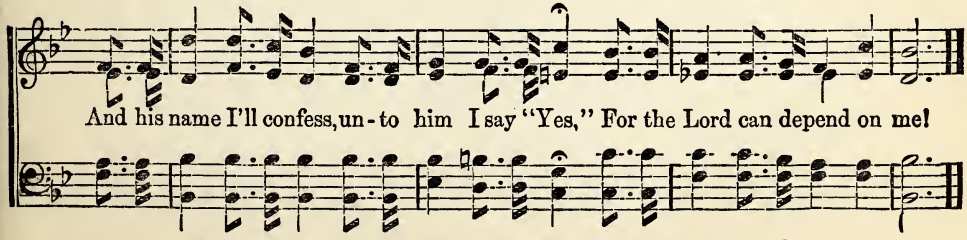
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.





CHORUS.





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No. 76. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

No. 77. The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

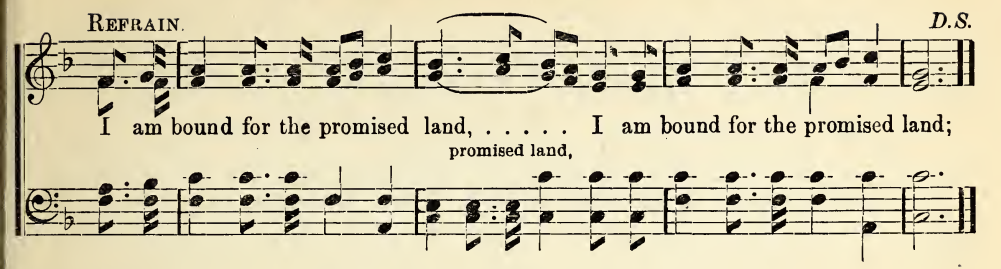
1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;

:S: FINE.

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

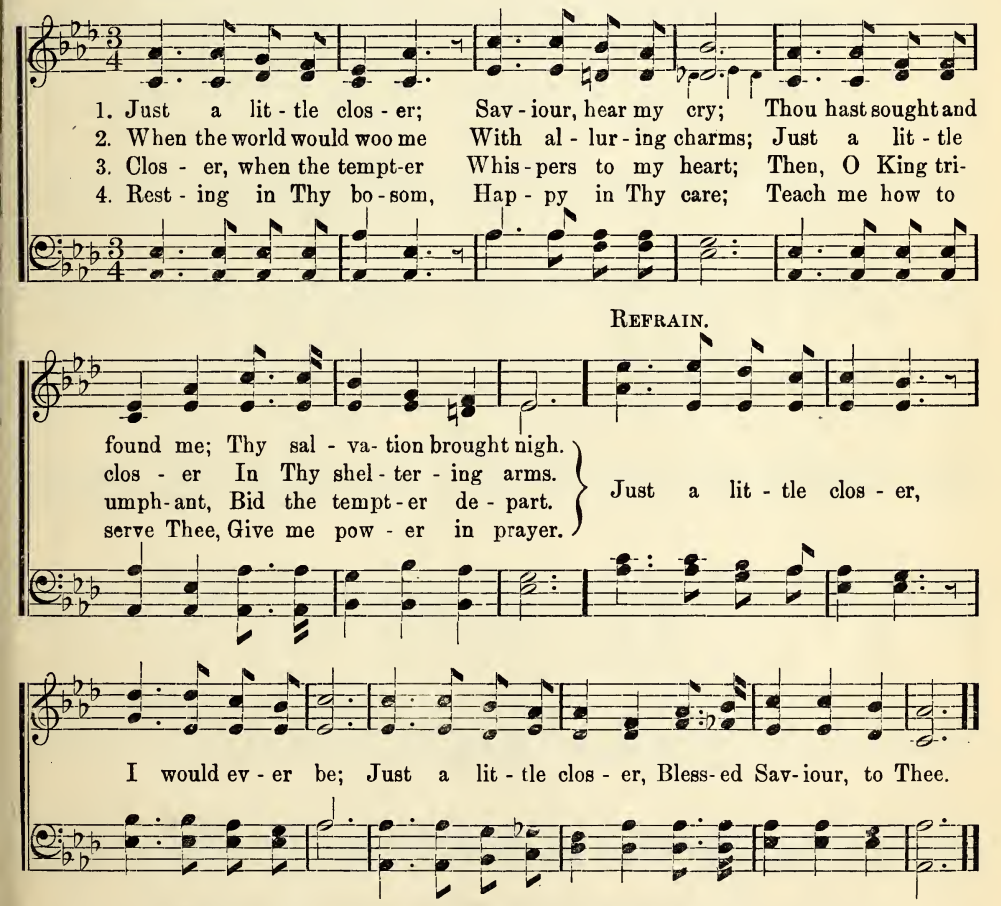
D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

The Promised Land.—Concluded.



No. 78. Just a Little Closer.

E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 Just a little closer,
Earthly joys decline;
Give me joys unfading,
Everlasting, divine.

6 When that fairer morning
Shall arise for me,
Then, in all His beauty,
My Redeemer I'll see.

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No. 79. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now his

sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand. Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
shel-ter'd here pro-tect-ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing then can reach me— 'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

Chorus.

I'm liv-ing on the mountain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm Praise God!

drinking at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

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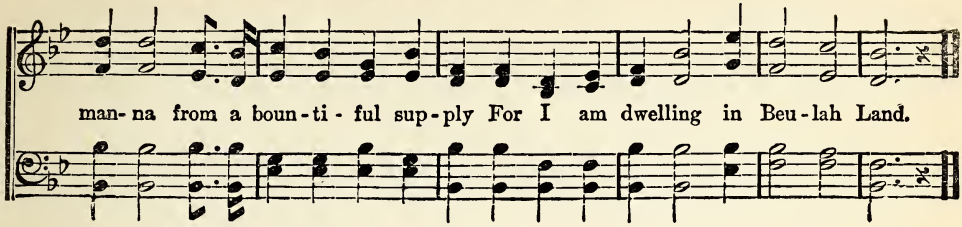
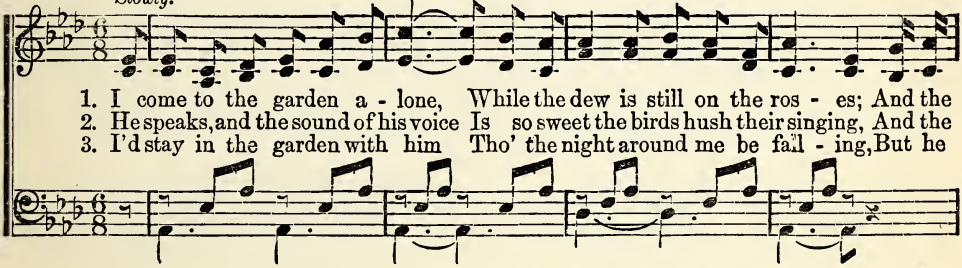
Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

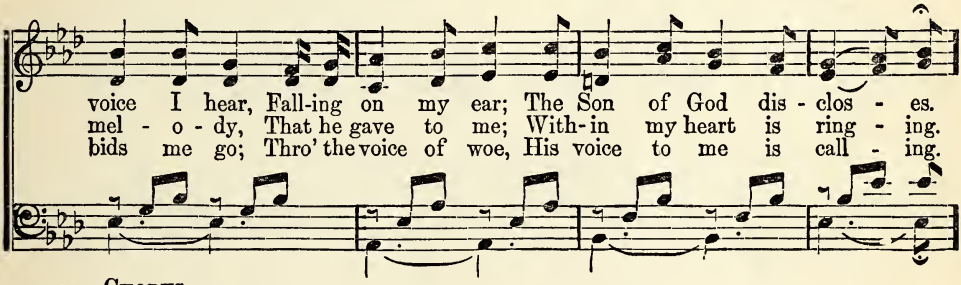


No. 80. In the Garden.

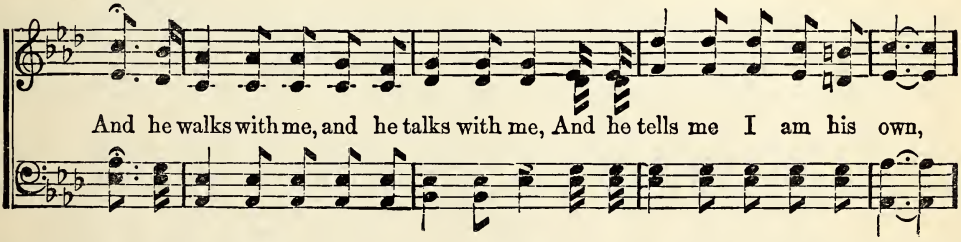
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

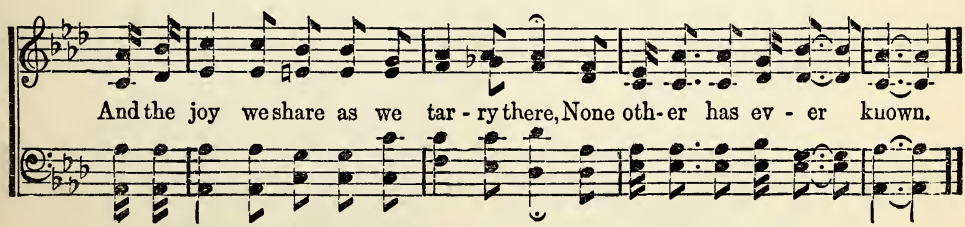
Slowly.





Chorus.





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No. 81. Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. John R. Sweney.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallow'd

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallow'd

Fine. Chorus. D.S.

presence, Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now;

presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

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2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

No. 82. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep in dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 83. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing, hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float- ing o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his arms un - fail- ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Chorus.

Till we meet,..... till we meet,..... Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,.....
till we meet, Till we meet,

till we meet,... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet,

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No. 84. Glorious Freedom.

HALDOR LILLENAS. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Once I was bound by sin's gall-ing fet-ters, Chained like a slave I struggled in vain; But I re-ceived a glo-ri-ous free-dom,
2. Free-dom from all the car-nal af-fec-tions, Free-dom from en-vy, ha-tred and strife; Free-dom from vain and world-ly am-bi-tions,
3. Free-dom from pride and all sin-ful fol-lies, Free-dom from love and glit-ter of gold; Free-dom from e-vil temp-er and an-ger,
4. Free-dom from fear with all of its tor-ments, Free-dom from care with all of its pain; Free-dom in Christ my bless-ed Re-deem-er,

CHORUS.

When Je-sus broke my fet-ters in twain.
Free-dom from all that saddened my life.
Glo-ri-ous free-dom, rap-ture un-told.
He who has rent my fet-ters in twain.
} Glo-ri-ous free-dom,

won-der-ful free-dom, No more in chains of sin I re-pine! Je-sus the glo-rious E-man-ci-pa-tor, Now and for ev-er He shall be mine.

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No. 85. Have Thine Own Way.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee I'm com - ing, My lit - tle all to give to Thee; My stub-born will I yield for - ev - er, Have Thine own way, 'tis best for me.
2. I need Thy help, O bless - ed Sav - iour, I'm tired of sin and doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur - ren - der, O bless - ed Lord, be ev - er near.
3. Let self die out, O Gal - i - le - an, My conquer'd heart for - ev - er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re - deem - er, Thou art my King, my Lord di - vine.

rit. Chorus. *a tempo. cres.* *f* *p*

Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way, All on the al - tar I glad - ly lay; Thou art the Pot - ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.

f *rit.* *ff*

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No. 86. When Your Life Rings True.

A. Printzlan Bowen. B. D. Ackley.

1. Does your life ring out for Je - sus with a note of cheer, Tell - ing
2. You may think the world ig - nores you as you pass a - long, Car - ing
3. You may nev - er know that you have help'd some-one to win, In the

to the world He dai - ly grows more dear; It will vi - brate thro' the
noth - ing for your stand a - gainst the wrong; But no mat - ter what your
strug - gle for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin; You may nev - er see the

distance with His love for you, And come back a joy - ous ech - o, when your
sta - tion, or what you may do, World-ly friends are quick to know it, when your
fruit of lov - ing deeds you do, But there is an ech - o somewhere, when your

Chorus.

life rings true. When your life rings true, When your life rings true,

There will be an ech - o, com - ing back to you; When your life rings true,

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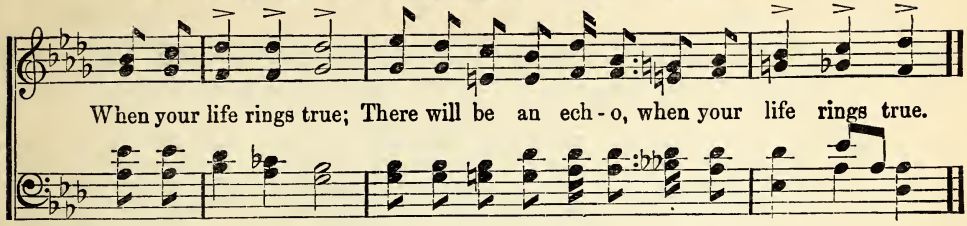
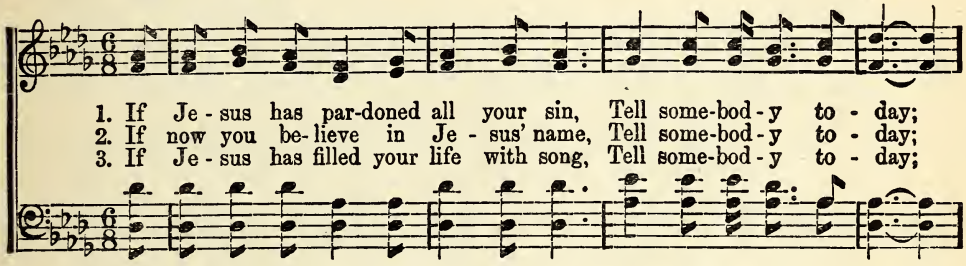
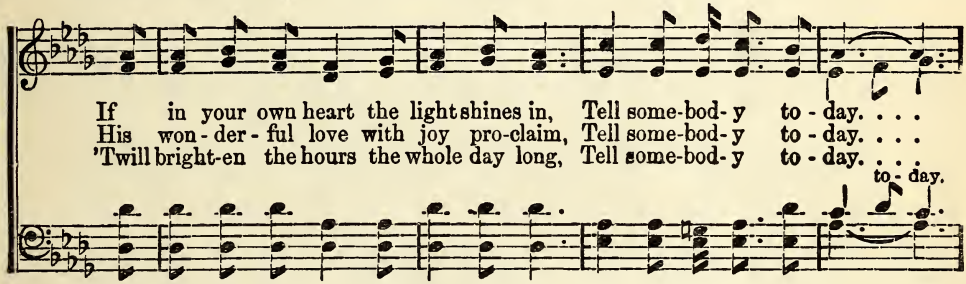
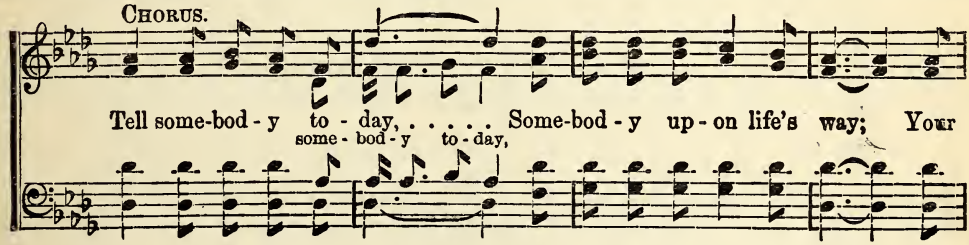


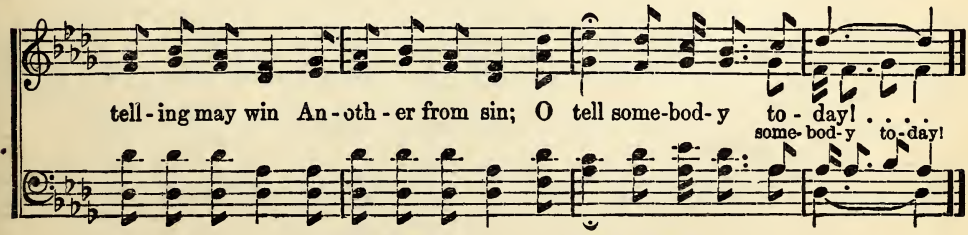
No. 87. Tell Somebody To-day.

Rev. Alfred Barratt. B. D. Ackley.









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No. 88. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

rit.

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

stand up

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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Invitation and Familiar Hymns

No. 89. Jesus is Calling.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins, Renewal. By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, Hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice, Quickly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call-ing to-day! Call-ing to-day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing, to-day, to-day!

Je-sus is call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 90. Softly and Tenderly.

By per. Hope Publishing Co., Owners of copyright.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call- ing, Call- ing for you and for me, See on the por- tals He's wait-ing and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Plead-ing for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass- ing, Pass -ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are coming,
4. Oh! for the won- der - ful love He has promised, Prom-ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer- cy and par-don,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,

cres. *pp* *ppp*

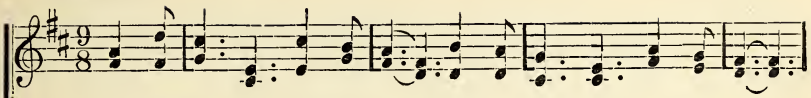
Ye who are wea- ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten- der - ly

rit. *pp*

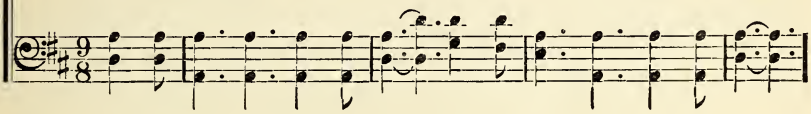
Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing, O sin - ner, come home!

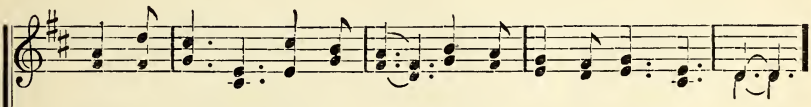
No. 91. Why Not Now.

EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.

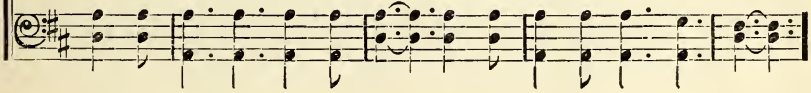


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub- led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con- fes- sion make; Come to Christ, and par- don take;

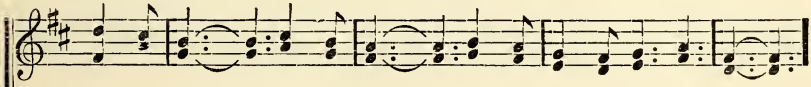




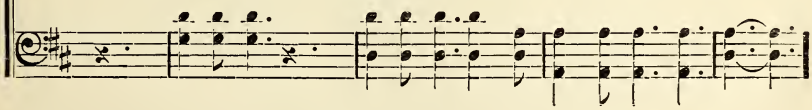
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac- cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

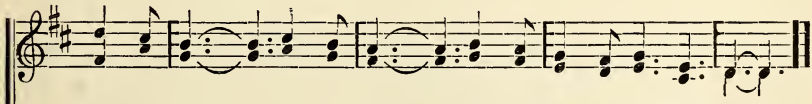


CHORUS.

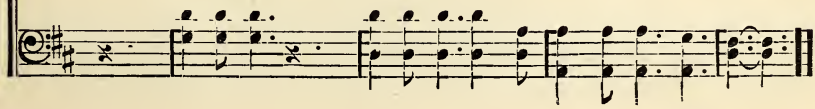


Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?





Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



No. 92. There's a Great Day Coming.

By per. Hope Pub. Co., owners of copyright.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y? For the judgment day?

m *pp*

No. 93. There is Power in the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide, There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow, There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing, There's

CHORUS.

won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

won-der-work-ing pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;
in the blood of the Lamb;

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 94. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je-sus

Chorus.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

Je-sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow

No. 95. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 96. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. We'll might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut His glo -ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re- pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be- yond de - gree!
When Christ the mighty Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart roll'd a -way, It was there by faith

roll'd a-way,

I re -ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

No. 97. While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 98. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. Copyright, 1898, by The John Church Co. By per. P. P. BLISS.

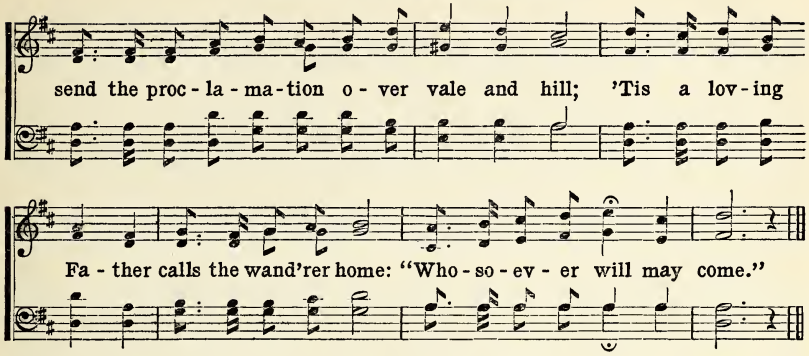
1. "Who-so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti-dings
2. Who-so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so - ev - er will!" the promise is se-cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," for-

all the world a-round; Tell the joy - ful news wher-ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

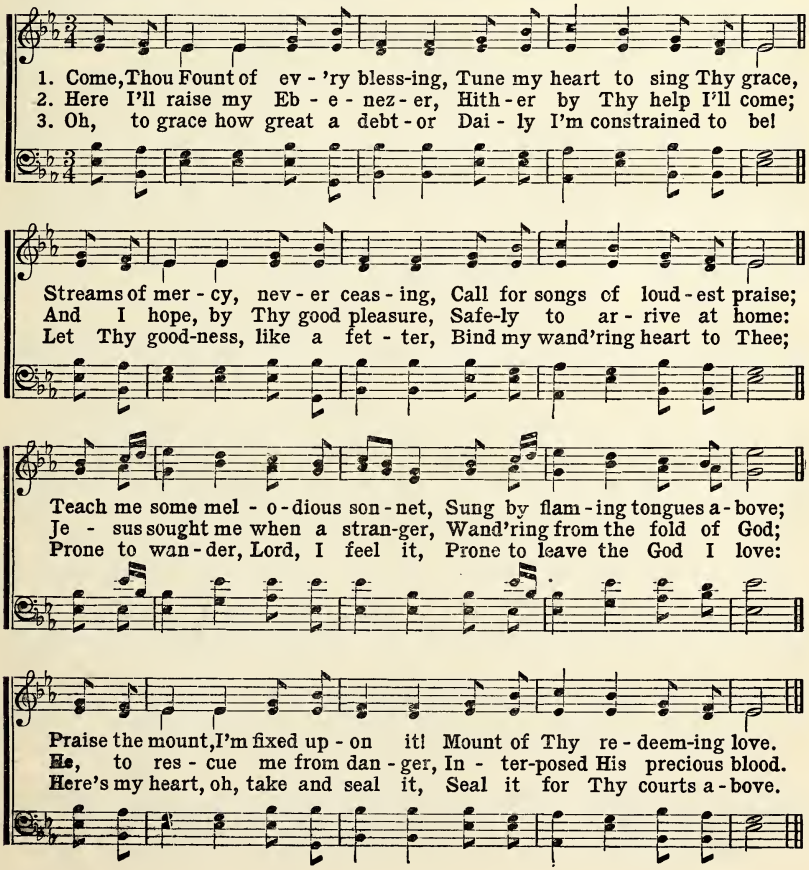
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will;"

"Whosoever Will."



No. 99. Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.



No. 100. Saviour, More Than Life.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

:S: FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

D.S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

No. 101. Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, Whilst His dear cross ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be;

D. C. for Chorus.

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

And when Thou sit-test on Thy throne, O Lord re-mem-ber me.

No. 102. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear.
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

No. 103. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He is able.
3 He is willing.
4 He will save you.
5 He will hear you.
6 He'll forgive you.
7 He will cleanse you.
8 He'll renew you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 104. There is a Fountain.

Wm. Cowper. American Melody.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. O Lamb of God! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r.
3. For since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
4. And when this lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die:
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

105. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Used by permission.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the
last-ing arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.

ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

No. 106. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf - fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
glo - ri-fied be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

king-dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour,
writ - ten In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
com - eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing,

D S.—In the book of Thy king-dom,

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Is my name written there?
I will make them like snow."
Is my name written there?
} Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?

Is my name written there?

No. 107. Take Time to Be Holy.

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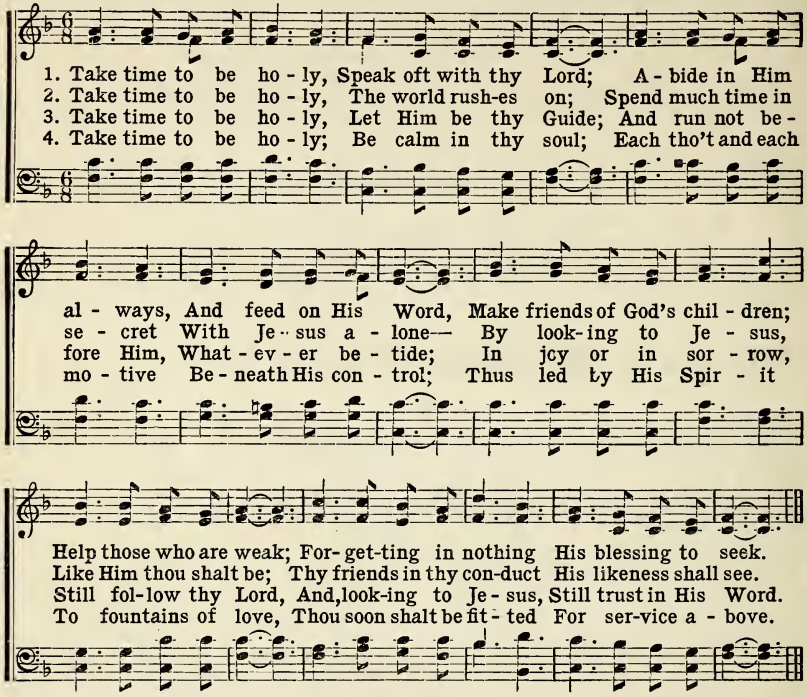
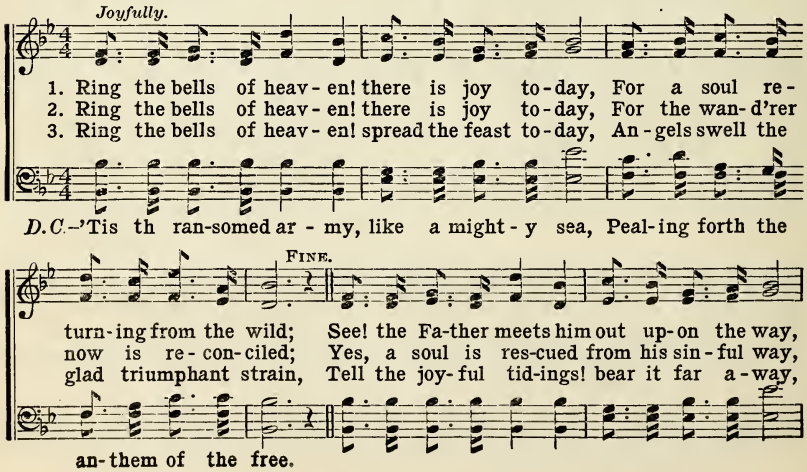
W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

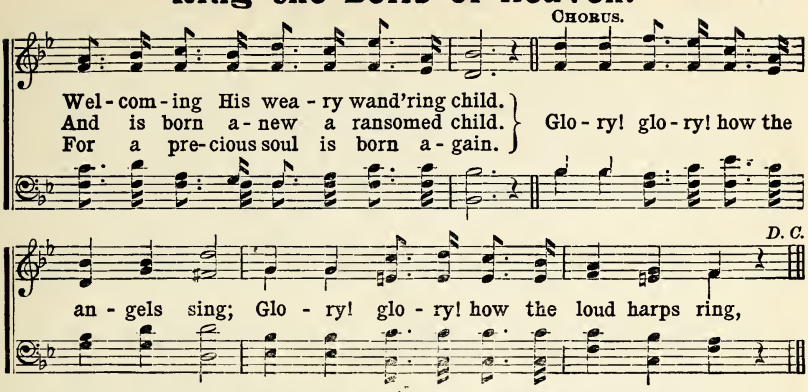


No. 108. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

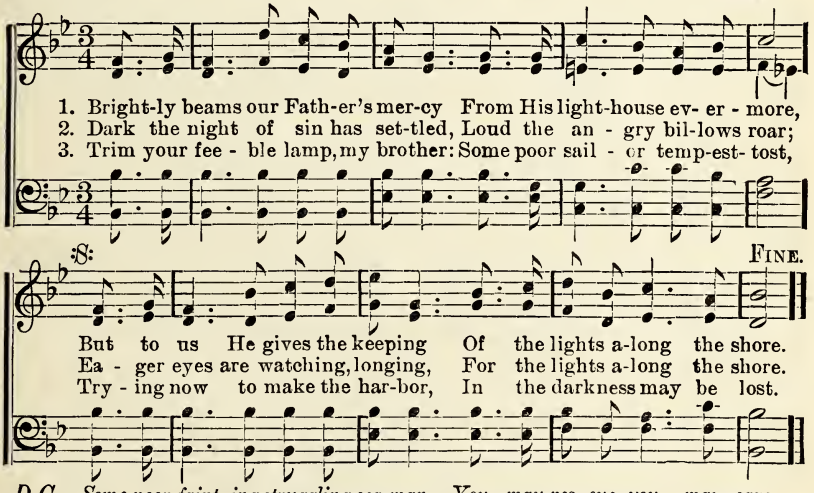


Ring the Bells of Heaven.



109. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



No. 110. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and

precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful- ly cleanse, Till spot- less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry!

No. 111. I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

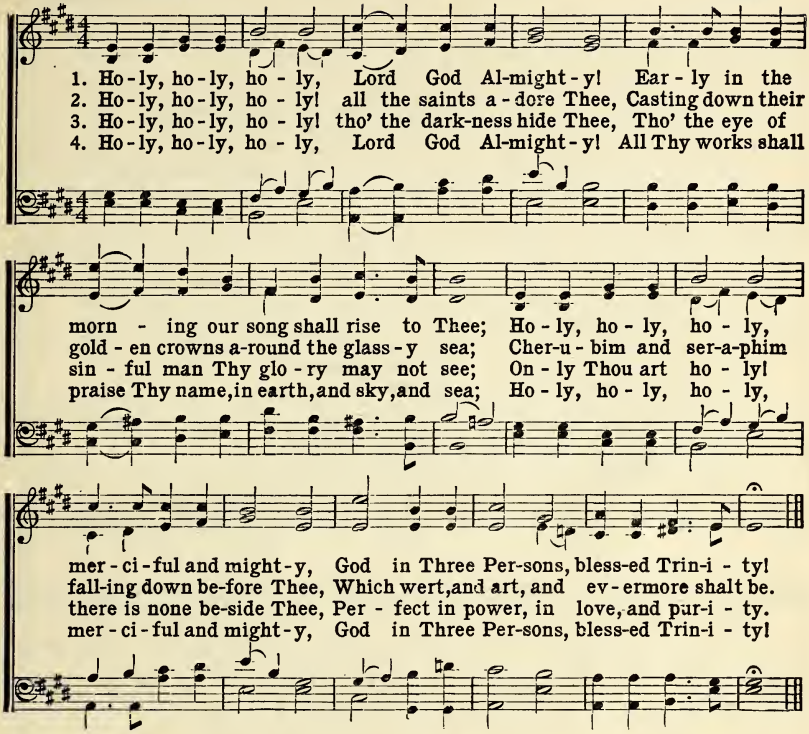
1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou migh'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life to thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

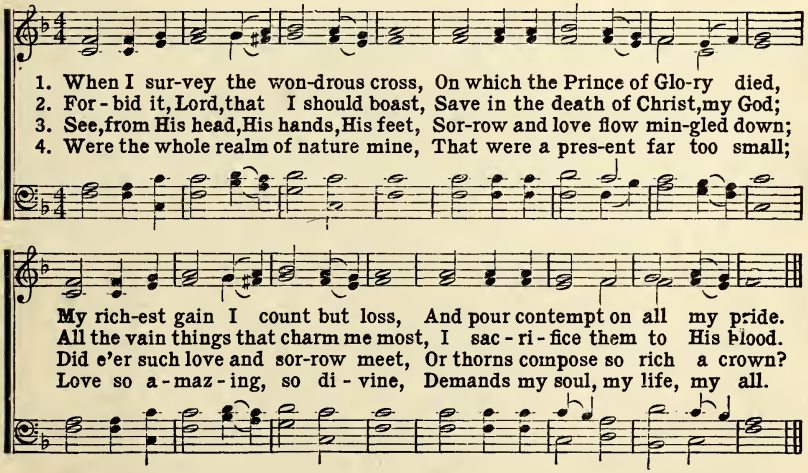
No. 112. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.



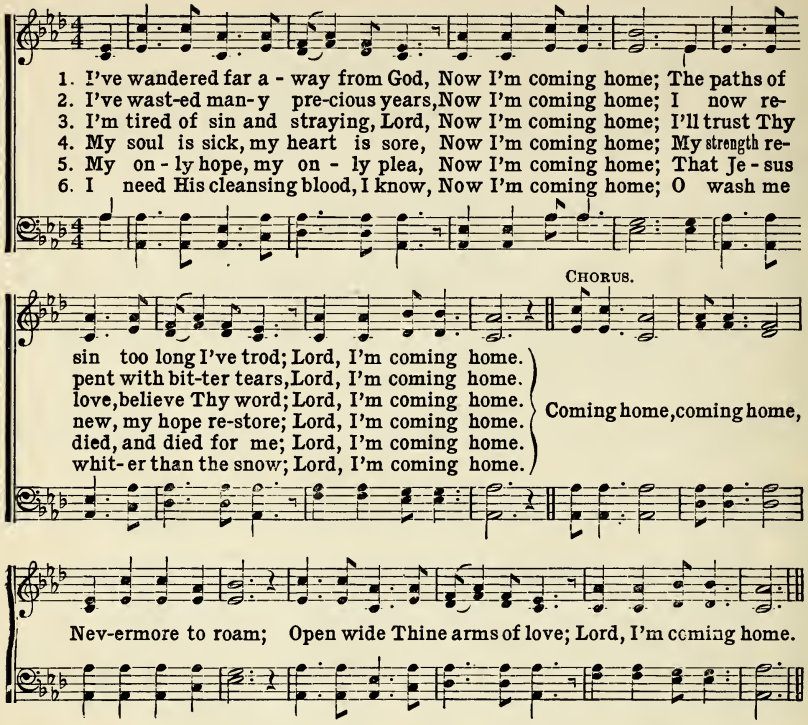
113. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)



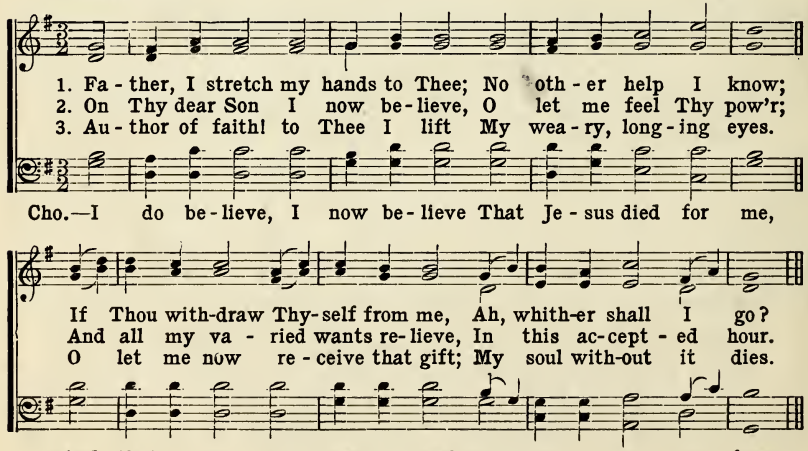
No. 114. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 115. I Do Believe.

CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.) Arranged.



No. 116. Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal- va - tion I would prove;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re- new,

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

No. 117. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. MCDONALD. By permission. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

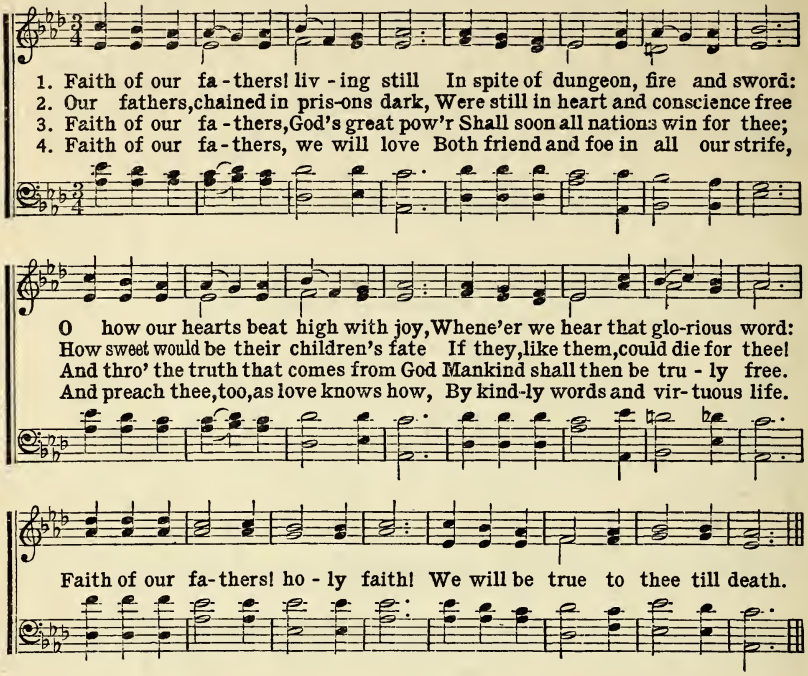
Cho.–I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

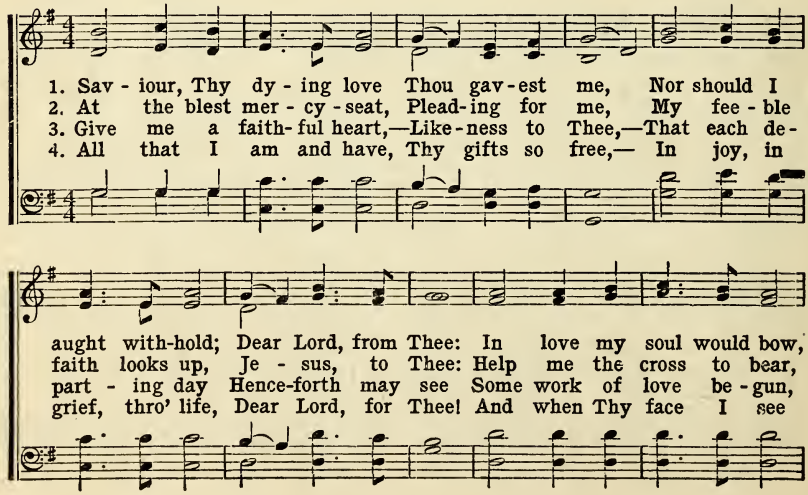
No. 118. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. H. F. HEMY. adpt.

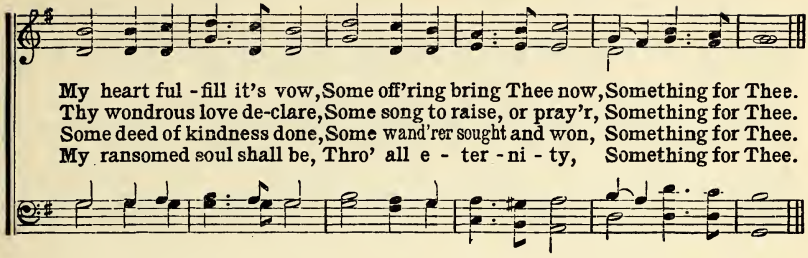


No. 119. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

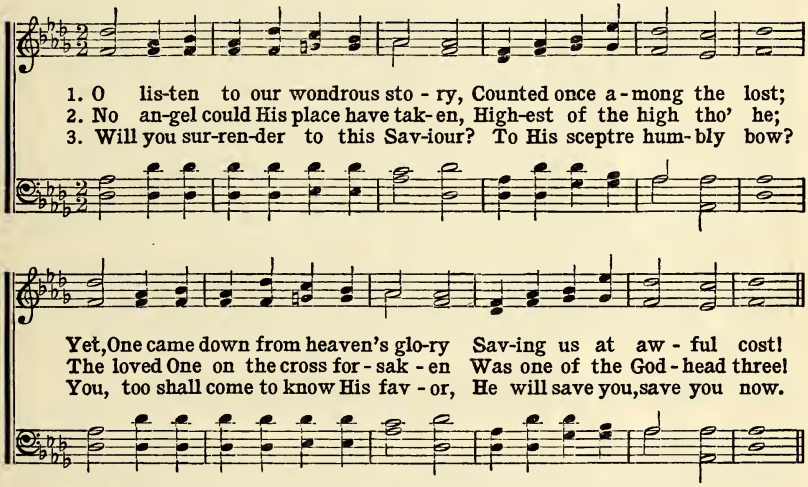


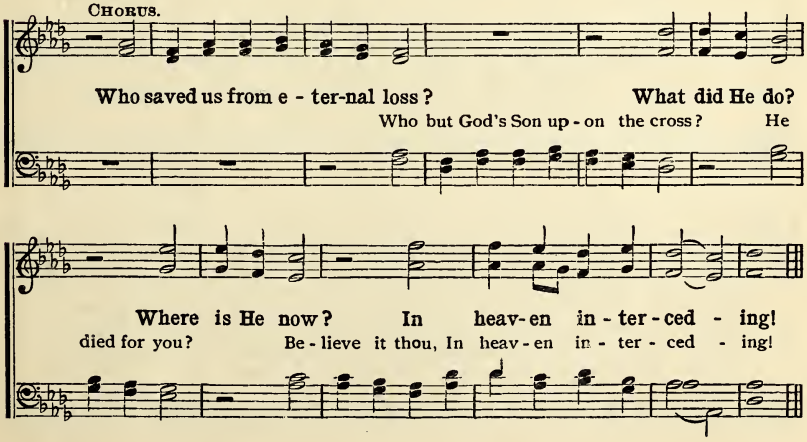
Something for Jesus.



No. 120. What Did He Do?

W. Owen.





No. 121. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 122. I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

(Avon. C. M.)

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum-b'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think of mer - cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n;
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May it's de - part - ing ray

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros - pect does my strength re-new While here by tem-pests driv'n.
Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

No. 123. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me In mer - cy given, An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

No. 124. Fling Out the Banner.

GEORGE W. DOANE. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per - ish in the strife,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
And na-tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring immor - tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

No. 125. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 10s. 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

126. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

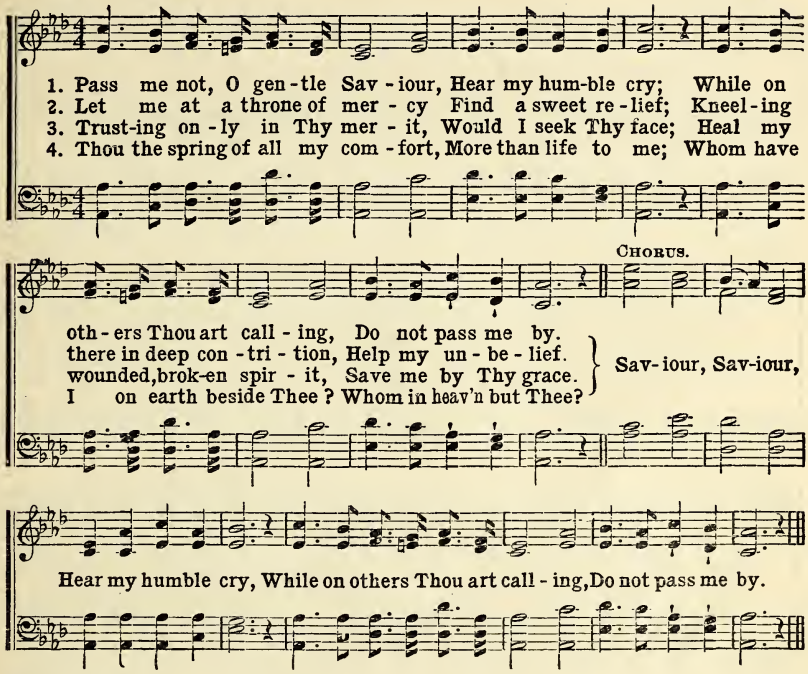
SAMUEL STENNETT. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me
5. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proof of love di-vine, Had I a

ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

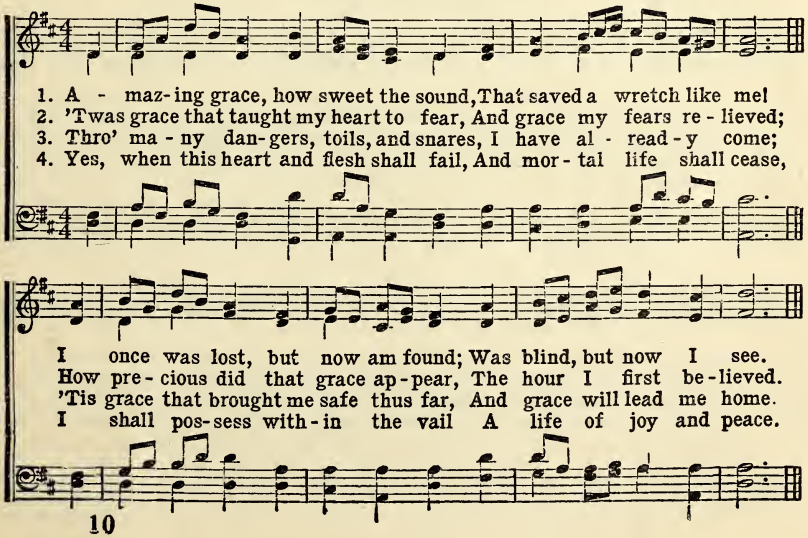
No. 127. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



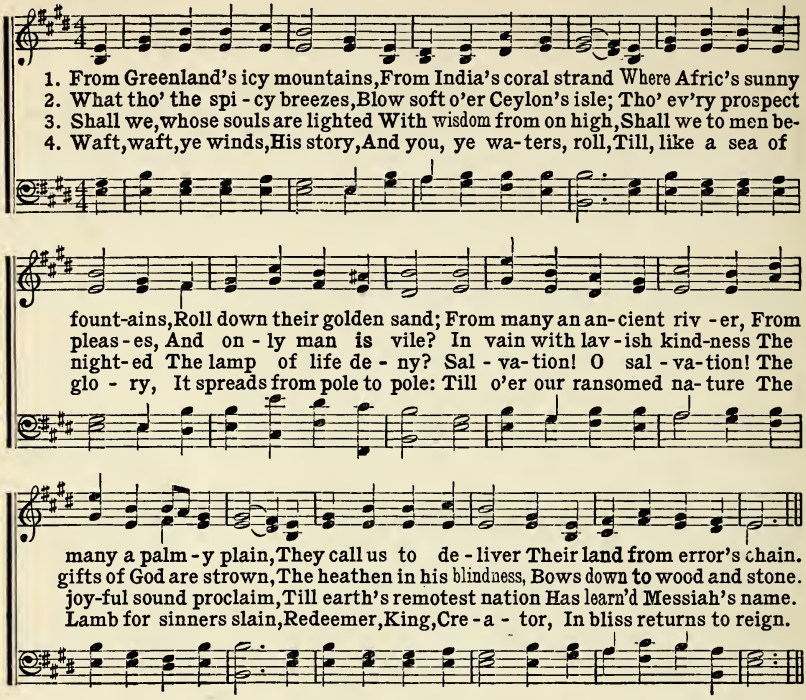
No. 128. Amazing Grace.

(WARWICK. C. M.)



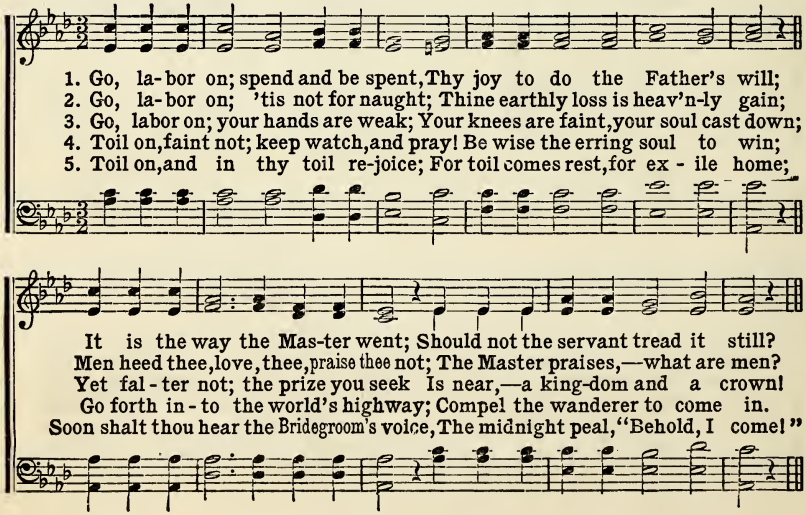
129. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. Lowell Mason.



No. 130. Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. (Missionary Chant.)



No. 131. Count On Me.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. The Lord has need of work - ers, to till His field to - day, So kind - ly He has led me to walk in wis-dom's way; I pray for grace to help me with all my heart to say, O bless- ed Sav-iour, count on me.
2. I count on Thee, dear Mas - ter for cleans- ing in Thy blood, For con- stant streams of bless- ing, a nev - er - fail - ing flood; To ev - er- new fru - i - tion I see Thy mer- cies bud, O bless- ed Sav-iour, count on me.
3. Now gird me for the bat - tle when e - vil pow'rs op - pose, And give me faith and cour- age to con-quer o'er Thy foes; I pledge Thee my al - le - giance, my soul no oth - er knows, O bless- ed Sav-iour, count on me.
4. I'll bear an - oth - er's bur - den a - long a lone - ly way, Or teach that bur - den- bear - er with con - fi- dence to pray; In serv- ice ev - er loy - al at home or far a - way, O bless- ed Sav-iour, count on me.

Chorus.

Count on me, count on me, For lov - ing-heart-ed serv- ice glad and free; Yes, count on me, count on me, O bless - ed Sav-iour, count on me.

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No. 132. Win Them One by One.

C. A. M. (March Song for Men.) C. Austin Miles.

In march time.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;
4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;

Just one way may this be done— We must win them one by one.
They will come if we but dare Speak a word back'd up by pray'r.
Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

Chorus.

{ So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
{ If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In

1

all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;

2

no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

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No. 133. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If you de-
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; Fountains for
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If there's a
4. If friends once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; Find what a
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If you would

Chorus.

sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Friend he will be un-to you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er;
After 5th verse.
Just now, my doubtings are o'er;

Just now, reject him no more; Just now, throw open the door, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Just now, reject- ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

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No. 134. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

Duet. *Gently.* Quartet.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho' they be
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! to God! He is of
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more; "Look un-to

red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
great . . . . . com- passion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you,
me, ... ye people," Saith the Lord your God; He'll forgive your trangressions,

Duet. *p*

1. Tho' they be red

Quartet. *f* *p rit.*

Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! O re-turn ye un - to God!
He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more, And remember them no more.

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No. 135. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in unison.

1. I do not know why oft 'round me, My hopes all shat - tered seem to be; God's per fect
2. I can - not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Fa - ther's heart a - bove; My faith to
3. Tho' tri - als come thro' pass - ing days, My life may still be fill'd with praise; For God will

CHORUS.

plan I can-not see,..... But some day I'll understand.
test my love to prove,..... But some day I'll understand.
lead thro' darken'd ways, And some day I'll understand.

Some day He'll make it plain to me,

Some day when I His face shall see; Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der - stand.

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No. 136. How Tedious and Tasteless.

JOHN NEWTON. LEWIS EDSON.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs

D.S.—But when I am hap - py in Him

FINE. *D.S.*

Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

De-cember's as pleas-ant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

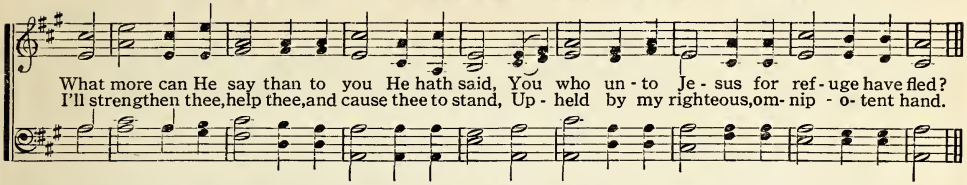
4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high, [more.
Where winter and clouds are no

No. 137. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. (FOUNDATION. 11s.)

1. How firm a foun- da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cellent word!
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.



3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

No. 138. A Charge to Keep.

(Key C.)

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

—Charles Wesley.

No. 139. It is Well with My Soul.

(Key D♭.)

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Cho.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control;
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

—H. G. Spafford.

No. 140. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

(Key E♭.)

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

—Ray Palmer.

No. 141. When the Roll is Called.

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(Key A♭.)

1 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Cho.—‖ When the roll is called up yonder, :‖
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

2 On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

3 Let us labor for the Master, from the dawn till setting sun;
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there.

—B. M. J.

No. 142. Almost Persuaded.

(Key G.)

1 "Almost persuaded," now to believe;
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call.

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day,
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
O wanderer come.

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost," cannot avail;
"Almost," is but to fail!
Sad, sad the bitter wail—
"Almost—but lost!"

—P. P. Bliss.

No. 143. The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" Shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a - wea-ried, and
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright, golden span That bridg- es the wa - ters so
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pencil the hedg-es and

Slower and sustained.

spent is my light; And I seek for a palace that rests on the hill, But between us a
safe- ly for man? To the right? To the left? Ah, me! If I knew— The night is so
fruit-laden vines— My fortune! My all! For one tangled gleam That sifts thro' the

rit. Chorus.*

stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
dark, and the pass-ers so few."
lilies, and wastes on the stream."
} Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a

gray friar cowl'd, in lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright, golden span,

Coda. *pp* (*To be sung after last stanza.*)

That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man. That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

No. 144. Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. White. Arr. Arr. from Mark M. Jones.

1. I have heard of a land On a far - a - way strand—In the Bi - ble the
2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose

sto - ry is told— Where no sor - row shall come, Nei-ther dark-ness nor gloom,
bright - er than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair - est of lands,
joys are un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring Where the birds ev- er sing,

Chorus.

And noth-ing there ev - er grows old. In that beau - ti - ful land On a

far - a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am

told, Are paved with pure gold, And the sun shall nev - er go down.

No. 145. Just Outside the Door.

JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. O wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?
2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im - part— To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass - ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;

Both peace and rest are wait - ing here And you are just out - side.
How can you still of - fend His heart, By stay - ing just out - side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out - side!
Be - fore the tem - pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out - side.

CHORUS.

Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, Be - hold, it stands a - jar!

Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, So near and yet so far!

NOTE.—If used for mixed voices, alto sings the first tenor an octave lower.

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No. 146. Sun of My Soul.

(Key F.)

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

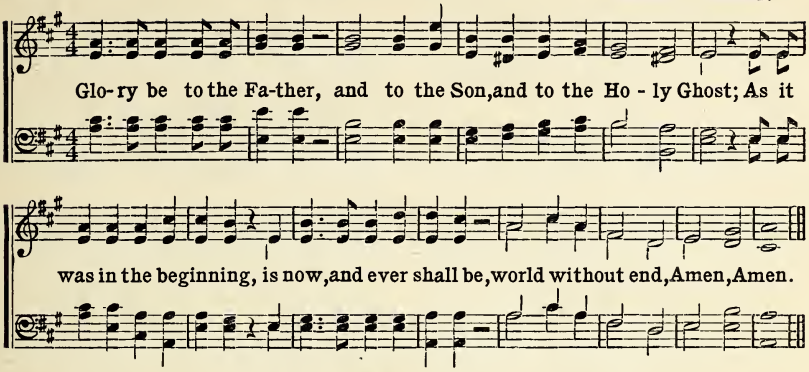
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

—JOHN KEPLER.

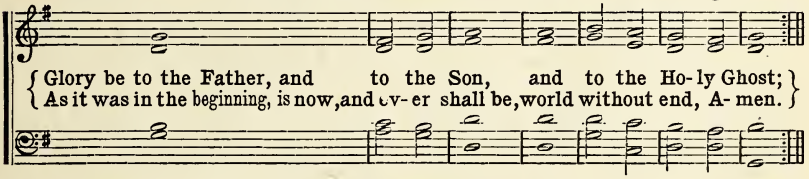
No. 147. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



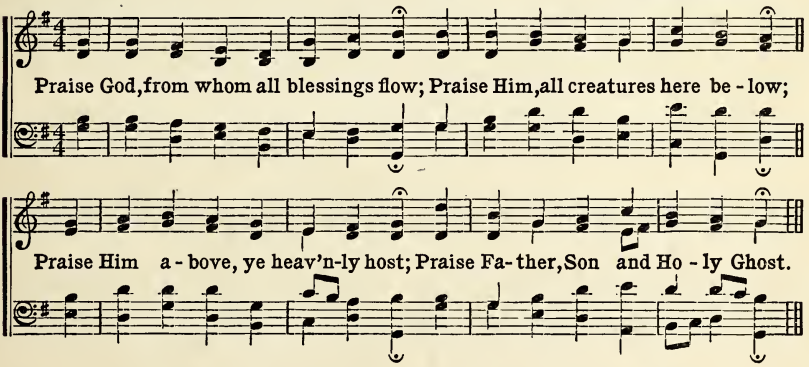
No. 148. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



No. 149. Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



150. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

PSALM 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim.
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

1

1 And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

2 Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

3 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

4 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

5 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

6 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

7 If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

8.Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

9 Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

2

1 For I am the Lord your God: ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy; for I am holy:

2 For I am the Lord that bringeth you up out of the land of Egypt. to be your God: ye shall therefore be holy, for I am holy.

3 In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar.

4 Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts.

5 Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

6 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

7 Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect.

8 Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

9 Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

10 And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

11 Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law.

12 And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin.

13 Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

14 Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

15 He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

16 Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

17 My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

3

1 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

2 To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

3 Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

4 Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations:

5 That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearance of Jesus Christ:

6 Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

7 Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

8 Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you:

9 Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.

10 Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; which things the angels desire to look into.

11 Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ;

12 As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance.

13 But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation;

14 Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy.

15 Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently:

16 Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

4

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

5

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

6 Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

7 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

6

1 And God spake all these words, saying,

2 I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous man, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6 And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

11 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

12 Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

13 Thou shalt not kill.

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15 Thou shalt not steal.

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

18 Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

19 And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

7

1 The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

2 God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

3 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

4 For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods.

5 In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.

6 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

7 Oh come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

8 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

9 O worship of the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

10 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

11 I will praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

12 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for the truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

13 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

14 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

15 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

16 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

17 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

18 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

19 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

8

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

5 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

6 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

7 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

8 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

9 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

10 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

11 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them.

12 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

9

Psalm 1.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

10

PSALM 6.

1 O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?

4 Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

5 For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give the thanks?

6 I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The Lord hath heard my supplication: the Lord will receive my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

11

PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

12

PSALM 14.

1 The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

3 They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

5 There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

6 Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is his refuge.

7 Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

13

PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

14

PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

7 Shew thy marvellous loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

8 Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

9 From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

15

PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

16

PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

17

PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; and I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy: I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

18

PSALM 32

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

19

PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

20

PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit with me.

21

PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

22

PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

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